PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19 1950

6D 6D

PUNCH

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Sharps

THE WORD FOR TOFFEE

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
of Maidstone
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"

For the years to come

EVERY FACTORY is the home of a business. It determines the efficiency of employees, the spirit in which work is done, the quality of all products. Each detail of its construction counts. Every care taken now in the building of a new factory will be repaid many times over in the years to come.

When Patons and Baldwins Limited planned the world's greatest knitting wool factory they took a wise step—like a hundred and sixty-six other firms before them they entrusted the building of their factory to John Laing & Son Limited.

And those who are now planning large scale construction will be wise to consult the firm whose immense capacity is proved by many great works completed every year: factories, power stations, steel works, cement works schools, hospitals . . .

LAING

For speed and efficiency in building and civil engineering

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED · *Established in 1848*
London, Carlisle, Lusaka, Johannesburg

FOR SMART HEALTHY HAIR

When you use Brylcreem, your hair will never let you down. It will stay in perfect position throughout the most hair-ruffling day! Soft, glossy, without a trace of gumming—that's what Brylcreem'd hair means to you. And it means much more than that. For Brylcreem controls your hair the healthy way. Its pure emulsified oils give the roots a chance and banish Dry Hair, Dandruff and Tight Scalp. Ask for Brylcreem—most men do.

BRYLCREEM

the perfect hair dressing

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., Stanmore, Middx. reyd 67/6

Most of us speak as we fancy: a doctor speaks as he finds. There are in Great Britain nearly 60,000 medical men and women, and of this great number there are few, very few, who do not use and recommend 'Dettol'.

How wise then, for you to learn from the example of those best qualified to judge, and in your own home, whenever and wherever infection threatens, to use 'Dettol' promptly! It is the safe way to safety.

'DETTOL' ANTISEPTIC

Obtainable from all chemists. New medium size 2/4.

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL & LONDON (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

Heads of State

heads of firms

and heads ahead of most

wear hats by....

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO. HATTERS BY APPOINTMENT 162 PICCADILLY LONDON

162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street).
and from the best men's shops everywhere

UNDERWEAR TYPES

The Draught Excluder

You've met this window-shutting bore,
So nervous of fresh air—
So full of doubts and fears about
His health and underwear.

The Wolsey man could tell him how
To set his mind at rest!
With heat-and-cold adjusting wool
You're always rightly dressed.

Wolsey

Wolsey Ltd, Leicester

DUO-SHRUNK UNDERWEAR & SOCKS

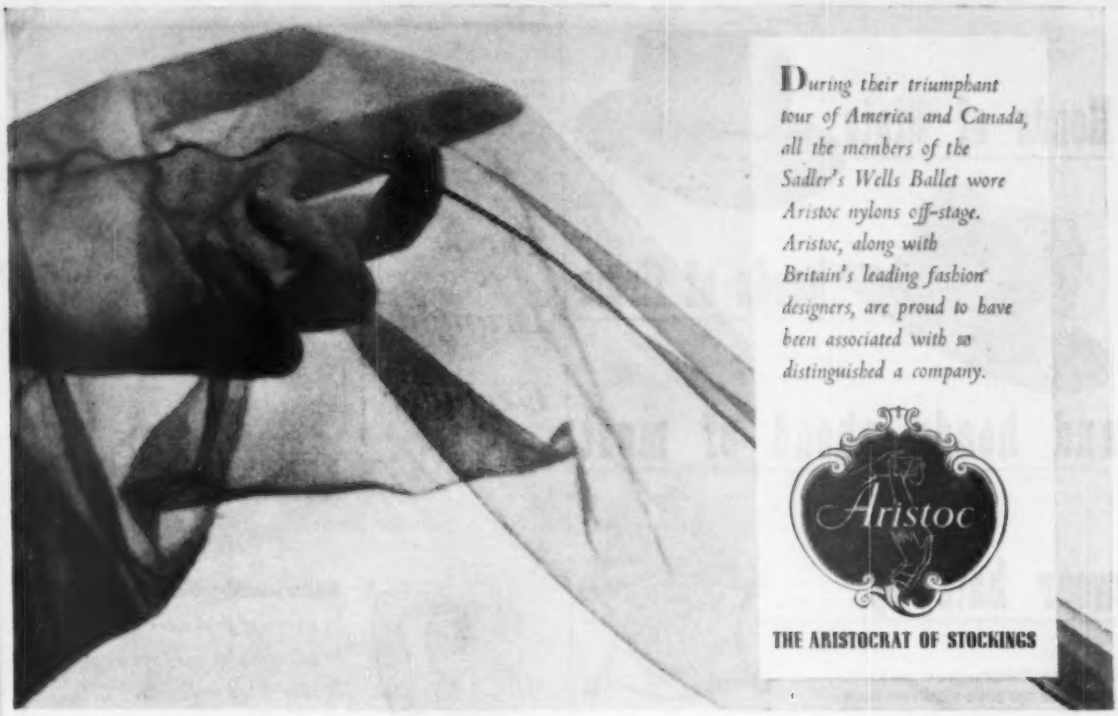
veldtschoen
for golf or country wear

- Waterproof with its double upper; good looking, correct and comfortable for all country wear. In brown only. These shoes can also be had with special steel golf studs.

Moccasin

SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

- 69 *Write for booklet of 1950 styles to Moccasin Shoemakers, Northampton*



During their triumphant tour of America and Canada, all the members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet wore Aristoc nylons off-stage. Aristoc, along with Britain's leading fashion designers, are proud to have been associated with so distinguished a company.

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

School shirts and pyjamas

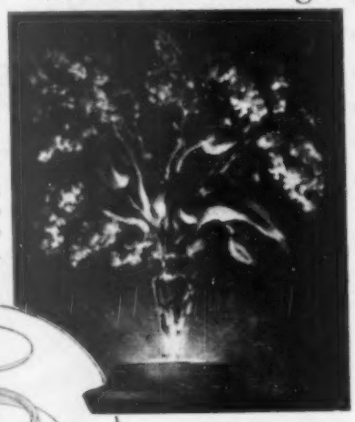
'Clydella'

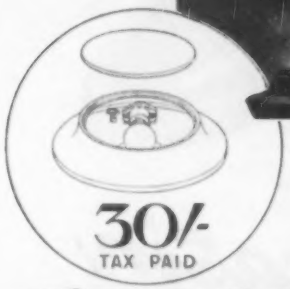
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

Made by the makers of 'VIYELLA' and 'DAYELLA'

Adorn your Flowers with Light

Reviewed in the National Press as something delightfully new in Floral Lighting effects, the R.E.A.L. Plinth Light adds charm to your decorative schemes by diffusing light which shines from the Plinth through the vase and its floral contents.





30/-
TAX PAID

Elegantly styled in pastel enamels, the Plinth is mounted on three rubber feet for furniture protection, equipped with heavy top glass, shock-proof porcelain lamp-holder and three yards of flexible cord. From most good electrical stores or direct if unable to obtain. *Send for Free Coloured Brochure.*

The R·E·A·L PLINTH LIGHT

ROWLANDS ELECTRICAL ACCESSORIES LTD REAL WORKS B'HAM. 18

Jacqmar

SPOTS
and variations

in pure silk surahs for the Spring

"Spots"	in 16 colours @ 32/10	per yard
"Polka Dots"	in navy/white @ 69/6	per yard
"Pastel Spots"	in 6 colours @ 42/7	per yard
"Stars"	in 17 colours @ 34/11	per yard
"Kandy Kisses"	in 16 colours @ 38/9	per yard
"Smoke Rings"	in 9 colours @ 56/5	per yard
"Tulip"	in 6 colours @ 56/5	per yard

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

Sheets ?

OSMAN

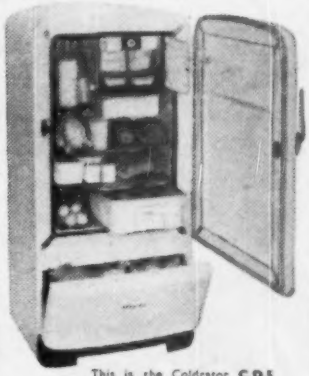
and rest content

Look for this sewn-on label OSMAN

P4

tell your husband...

about the COLDRATOR
the refrigerator with the stainless steel freezer;
precision temperature control;
the salad compartment where your vegetables
are kept crisp and clean



This is the Coldrator **C.D.5** (£91 . 7 . 0 tax paid). There are table-top models at lower prices. Why not write for a leaflet?

and clinch matters...

with a word in his ear about the heart of the Coldrator—the whisper-quiet Sealed System. It's sealed in steel against dirt, air and moisture,
and it's Guaranteed for 5 years

COLDRATOR REFRIGERATORS

International Refrigerator Co Ltd,
Stanhope House Kean Street WC2 & Llandudno Junction

Keep Your Nails Clean,
and Hands Well Groomed!

Perox Chlor is the Magic Nail Cleaner and Hand Beautifier. It takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White and leaves the hands SOFT, WHITE AND FRAGRANT.

Your nails and hands will always look well groomed when using this NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!! Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands.– Presto!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

Thousands use Perox Chlor every day. And what a boon it is to surgeons, doctors, gardeners, motorists, housewives, typists, nurses, sailors, soldiers, airmen, farmers and many more besides.

From all Chemists and Stores. In tubes and jars.

★ **OUR GUARANTEE.** We guarantee that Perox-Chlor is made from materials selected as being the best of their kind, processed in an original manner and designed to produce an article of outstanding merit. It is guaranteed to keep in good condition until used and may be stored in any kind of climate.

KEENES
Perox-Chlor
A marvel of Scientific Chemistry

KEENES LABORATORIES LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

My grocer says he always recommends

CHIVERS JAM

(It's made in silver lined pans)

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE and at Montrose, Huntingdon, York and Newry

GD100

Lucozade

The sparkling GLUCOSE *drink*

To help in building up a child's vitality give him this exciting, refreshing drink. And then watch him lift up his little face for more. LUCOZADE needs no digesting. It presents no problem to the most delicate of stomachs. It is a form of energy which is assimilated immediately. So widely recognised are these virtues that LUCOZADE is used extensively in CLINICS, HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOL SANATORIA. See your Chemist today about a supply of LUCOZADE.

From Chemists 2/6 a bottle

Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)

Invaluable in sickness and in health . . .

Get **Lucozade**

—it is so energising and palatable

LUCOZADE LTD., GT. WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX. reyds

FULL OF FASHION

Sylcoto Reyd

STOCKINGS

SYLCOTO (BELPER) LTD · BELPER · DERBYSHIRE

By Appointment Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos SALT

CEREBOS IODISED SALT—ALSO AVAILABLE

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

There's an ESSE for every size of family. Write for details. The No. 61H5 Premier with Water Heater (illustrated) caters for 15 and supplies constant hot water. £154 . 15 *or monthly terms.*

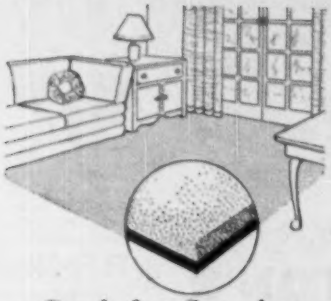
Life's easier with an ESSE

Luxury hotels, famous restaurants, ocean liners all rely on ESSE Cookers — they've been saving fuel for years! You, too, can cut costs and cook superbly — ESSE 'heat storage' is the secret! It gives you every imaginable cooking advantage — continuous day and night service, fast-boiling hotplate, large simmering space, roomy indirectly-heated ovens, modern thermostatic control, record low coke consumption, no soot or oven flues to clean, porcelain enamel finish, and constant hot water with separately fired Water Heaters. Yes, you'll treasure your ESSE all your days.

ESSE

The ESSE COOKER Company
Prop: Smith & Wellstood Ltd Est 1854
Head Office: Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
London: 63 Conduit St. W1

'MAYFAIR' CARPETING



Send for Samples

"Mayfair" Needleloom Carpeting is ideal for CLOSE CARPETING — inexpensively — Living Rooms, Bedrooms, Halls, Corridors, Stairs, etc. It wears well and looks very attractive. Because of its special-sprayed rubber backing you need no underfelt. It is easily cut for fitting, lies flat, needs no sewing or binding.

In seven colours and three widths

18" wide **9/6** per yard
27" wide **13/3** per yard
54" wide **25/6** per yard

Carriage free. Send 1/- for samples of the seven colours. Deferred terms available.

MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LTD.
(Dept. 6C), 16, Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4

Try it today!

Still the world's finest aperitif

CINZANO

GENUINE ITALIAN VERMOUTH

internationally famous since 1816

Red or White, sweet LARGE BOTTLE 16/6

Cinzano Dry 22/-

Product of S.A. Francesco Cinzano & Cia, Turin, and S.A.F. Cinzano, Paris. Sole Importers: Giordano Ltd., Charlotte Street, London, W.1., to whom all Trade enquiries should be made.

Some people prefer

MACKESON'S

STOUT

—it's a matter of taste

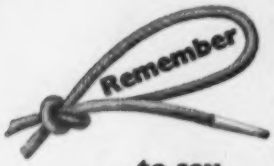
Although the usual taste of stout is slightly bitter, Mackeson's seems to gain increasing favour with those who find its smooth richness a pleasant change—a heartening drink indeed when the long day's housework is over at last.

Try it, and taste the difference!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., 27 BRITANNIA STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Don't just ask for laces



. . . to say

PATON'S

You'll see them in brand new boxes at your dealers . . . old friends in new dress!

PATON'S

shoe and boot

LACES

—have a pair spare

Wm Paton Ltd · Johnstone · Scotland

. . and I thought it was only a gadget

I suppose I am a bit old-fashioned and, though my friends one after another started using electric shavers, I rather scoffed at their new gadget. But when a birthday anniversary came round and my wife proudly presented me with a wonderful-looking Remington—well, what could I do? My goodness! What have I been doing all this time messing about with soap and brush and blades and shouting for hot water, when I could have been having the fastest, easiest and most satisfying shave, leaving my face smooth, clean and refreshed!

More Remingtons have been sold throughout the world than any other electric shaver.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC DRY SHAVER

On sale everywhere—be sure it's a Remington

REMINGTON RAND LIMITED (SHAVER DIV.) 1 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Prompt relief *from* **ACIDITY...**

. . . . . can be counted on when 'Milk of Magnesia'* is ready to hand in the Medicine Cabinet. This quick acting antacid is especially comforting should you ever eat or drink unwisely, smoke too much or sit up too late. Being also a most effective laxative, 'Milk of Magnesia' will relieve the system—leaving you feeling clear-headed and so much fitter.

'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK *

Large size 3/2 — equals 5 small size 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

FATHERS OF FORTUNE No. 3

PHALARIS—able, though never pre-eminent, did splendidly at Stud until his early death at age of 16.

MANNA won 1925 Derby and £21,534 in stakes.

COLOMBO, unbeaten as a 2-year-old, won 2,000 gns., was third in Derby, 1930.

CAMERONIAN, winner of 2,000 gns. and Derby.

PHALARIS was the leading sire for 1925 and 1928, and his progeny have won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, 1,000 Guineas, and 2,000 Guineas (twice).

PHALARIS
1913

PHAROS 1920	MANNA 1922	COLORADO 1923	FAIRWAY 1925
CAMERONIAN 1928	FIRDAUSSI 1929	MIRACLE 1929	COLOMBO 1931	BLUE PETER 1936

Superlative performance over many years is needed to make good the reputation of a sire of winning bloodstock. The House of Cope, by the same test over a period of 55 years, has proved its mettle and its reputation beyond question. Cope's latest illustrated brochure fully describes their service. Write in for your free copy NOW!

You can depend on **COPE'S**

DAVID COPE LTD., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

Now that you can get

NOVIO

you will find it better value than any other Toilet Paper.

International Winner*

*At the International Cocktail Competition held in London, the First Prize was awarded to '*John Simon*,' a cocktail containing GRAND MARNIER. Here is the winning recipe: ¼ Grand Marnier, ¼ Gin, ¼ Crème de Noyau, ¼ Orange Juice, dash of Angostura Bitters. Try Grand Marnier in the cocktails at your next party.

Grand Marnier

The only liqueur made exclusively with Cognac brandy

Sole Distributors: L. ROSE & Co. Ltd. ST. ALBANS

HARD TO FIND

like **Vantella Shirts**

(Now in coat style)

to match

Van Heusen Collars

Cotella Ltd., Oxford St., W.1

The Golden Spirit

LEMON HART

THE QUALITY RUM SINCE 1804

Have a **GOOD RUM** *for your money!*

SKYHI MINOR

HYDRAULIC CAR JACK

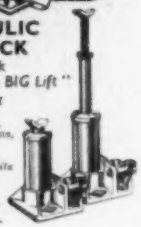
"The Little Jack with the BIG Lift"

LIFTING CAPACITY 2 TONS

Closed Height 6½ins. Maximum Height 14 ins.

PRICE £4. 0. 0.

Every car owner should write for details



SKYHI Ltd.
Skyhi Works
WORTON ROAD
ISLEWORTH, Middx.

LAMBERT & BUTLER'S
STRAIGHT CUT
cigarettes..
. . . when people meet

20 for 3'10

Uncommonly Good-even among Good Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. S.C.5A

the strongest of ale
with
least trouble

FLOWER'S SPECIAL BREW

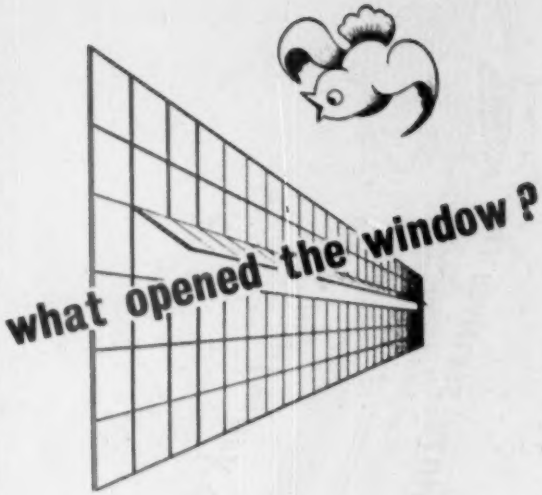
by mail order

You need a special Ale for special television evenings with your friends—this is it—order by post—in handy cartons of 12 Nip (½ pint) bottles. Flower's Special Brew is extra strong—just as it was first brewed 100 years ago.

NO DEPOSIT
NOTHING TO RETURN

★ *Write for illustrated folder giving full details.*

FLOWER & SONS LTD., MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT 67, STRATFORD-ON-AVON



Windows two hundred feet long set in glistening walls of glass . . . how abundantly soft airs and sunshine enter the factories and public buildings of today!

The walls of glass are made of Aluminex Patent Glazing — a network of aluminium bars so intelligently designed that it all looks very simple indeed.

And in these walls — and in roofs, too — are hung windows over a hundred feet long that open at the touch of a finger. What opens the windows?

A cable, flexible and threaded, which turns one push of a finger into many pushes all along the window frame.

This cable gear is — like Aluminex Patent Glazing itself — one of those inventions that seem so inevitable and obvious — once they are invented!

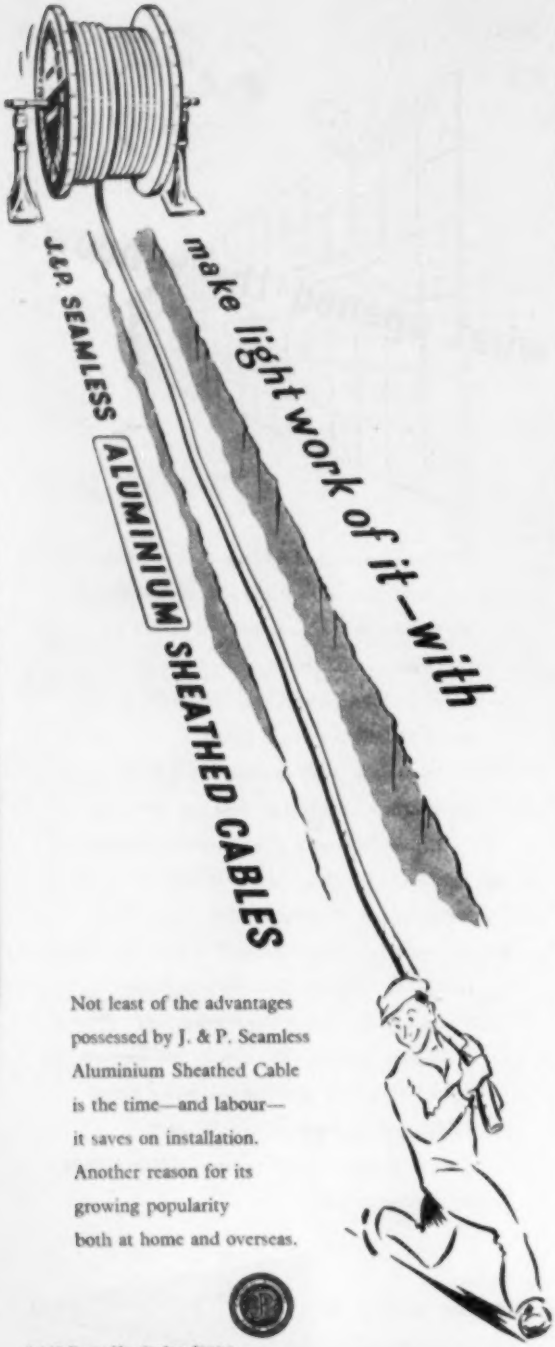
Today Aluminex Patent Glazing with its cable-operated continuous opening lights is a time-proved method of cladding industrial and public buildings.

Ask any Architect. Or tell us you would like to know more about Aluminex.

The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Ltd

RELIANCE WORKS, CHESTER

London Address: Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Tel: HOL. 9861



Not least of the advantages possessed by J. & P. Seamless Aluminium Sheathed Cable is the time—and labour—it saves on installation. Another reason for its growing popularity both at home and overseas.

British Patent Nos. 627615, 627793.

JOHNSON & PHILLIPS LTD.,
CHARLTON · LONDON · S.E.7
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND CABLE MAKERS SINCE 1875

LAYING CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS FOR A NEW POWER STATION
Huge mixing plants are required for preparing the concrete. Up to 30 tons are mixed hourly, and pumped, often for hundreds of yards, to any part of the site.

more power

—AND WHAT IT MEANS FOR YOU

VAST QUANTITIES of concrete are needed for constructing the foundations, culverts and other civil engineering works of a modern power station. Because of the weight and nature of the generating plant, the foundations must be of exceptional strength and solidity. So at regular intervals during the concrete pouring, sample 6″ cubes are taken and tested. Even these small samples must be able to withstand a crushing strength of from one to two tons per square inch! To provide Britain with the power she needs and to end power cuts in the factories and in your home — British Electricity are building 38 new power stations and installing new plant in 43 existing stations.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY

80,000 HAPPY SHAVERS can't be wrong!

Already more than 80,000 men enjoy the care-free ease of shaving the 'Arvin Way'. Arvin was the first and is still the foremost all-British electric dry shaver. Now they are first again with a model priced within the reach of every modern-minded man.

Here's today's *Top Value* in precision-built Shavers

In all Arvin Electric Shavers both motors and cutting heads are built to extremely fine precision instrument limits. The double cutting surface is the result of years of research. There are no sharp blades to irritate or nick the skin—instead finely ground shears oscillate at very high speeds to provide the cleanest, smoothest shave possible.

Obtainable from Messrs. Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, British Electric Showrooms, Stones, Currys, Greys, Tates and all high class Stores, Electrical Dealers, Chemists and Hairdressers.

ARVIN CONTOUR 59/7 INC. TAX

New features include—
Improved 'Twinhead' Detachable Hair-trap
Rubber mounted motors
No radio interference

ARVIN TWINHEAD ELECTRIC DRY SHAVERS

Write for illustrated leaflet P1 to Arvin Electric Limited, Fernbrook Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, Essex

BURNETT'S WHITE SATIN GIN

Made especially for superior tastes, and for those who are learning to acquire them. Ask your wife to order a bottle.

Maximum U.K. price 32/4 per bottle.

The First Cigar for the best days

EST. 1863

Don Garcia

MADE IN FIVE SIZES

Trade Enquiries: "Don Garcia" Liaison Bureau, 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1

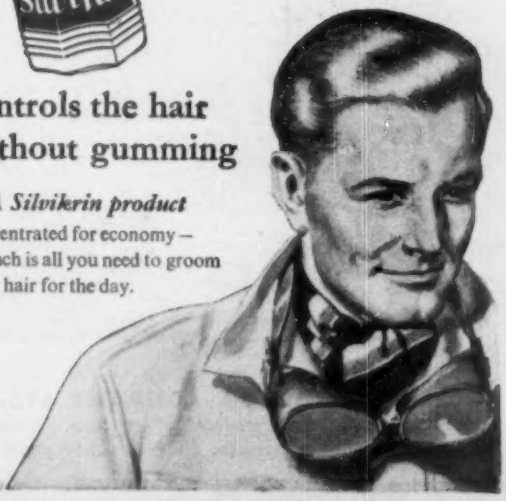
Something just a little better—

Silvifix

controls the hair without gumming

A Silvikrin product

concentrated for economy—
a touch is all you need to groom your hair for the day.



301/EV

The Spas of FRANCE

When Gaul was still Roman, the Spas of France won celebrity for their curative powers. The fine air, the natural beauty of the sites, good food with carefully studied diets, and suitable entertainment, added to the qualities of the waters themselves and the most modern medical advice and therapeutic treatment, restore every year thousands of sufferers from many different ailments. Special out-of-season rates.

Full particulars from:

FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

179, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

FOR

Better Petrol

Behind the BP trade-mark are all the resources of

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY LTD.,

one of the world's greatest producers of petroleum. When brands return this will guarantee the quality of BP petrol.

Scotland, land of glens and lochs, of rich lowlands and thriving cities has reared on its soil a hardy, purposeful people — builders, explorers and engineers whose work forms part of our great British heritage . . . . . the same qualities of craftsmanship and enterprise are to be found in the products of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain'.

The Standard Vanguard

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY
London: 37, Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.
Telephone: MAYfair 5011

STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN *Claude Du Vall*

'. . he robbed her, but paid for his dance'

History relates of Claude Du Vall, one of the bolder and more handsome gentlemen of the road, that one evening he overtook a coach on Blackheath intending to rob the travellers of the £400 they carried. The lady in the coach, seeing Du Vall and his men, played upon a flageolet to show she was not afraid. Du Vall, as a compliment to her courage, played a little tune upon a similar instrument as he rode up to the coach. Then he asked her to grant him the honour of a dance. She consented, and Du Vall "performed marvels, the best masters, except those that are French, not being able to show such footing as he did in his great French riding boots." Du Vall then took £100 from the travellers but paid for the dance by allowing them to retain the remaining £300! These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of "Stand and Deliver!"

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY A. R. WHITEAR FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

The green turf firm underfoot . . . and the flicker of a club-head as it swings full circle. The beckoning flap of a flag over the rise ahead . . . and the fir-scented breeze stirring the waiting, wicked rough. The shoulder muscles slipping smoothly back to a comfortable fatigue . . . the grateful few moments of appraisal before it's time to play through. And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/10 · ALSO *Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

ABDULLA AND CO. LIMITED · 173 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON W1

If your boy has done particularly well at school, why not present him with a Phillips Bicycle? Phillips' high standards of craftsmanship will be a very neat compliment of *your* appreciation of *his* good work.

PHILLIPS
BICYCLES

See the Adult and Junior range of Bicycles at your Dealers. Also send for Booklet "Perfection in Cycling" and illustrated catalogue.

J. A. PHILLIPS & CO. LIMITED, SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM

do your works use many "paint" brushes?

Very probably. For painting and for the hundred and one other uses Industry has for paint brushes. And for all these uses Harris brushes are the most economical. This is because there are special terms for Industry. And also because Harris brushes are very well made. They will do a better job, last longer in the process, *and the bristles won't come out.* But don't take *our* word for it. Test them yourself. *Send a small trial order for samples of the Junior, Standard and Super (our good, better and best brushes) and "have a go."*

Harris-***the paint brush with a name to its handle***

You can get all 5 ranges of Harris Paint and Distemper Brushes from good stockists, or failing that from

L. G. HARRIS & COMPANY LIMITED · STOKE PRIOR · WORCESTERSHIRE

By Appointment
MOTOR MOWER MANUFACTURERS
CHARLES H. PUGH LTD

ATCO
MOTOR MOWERS

You will be impressed and delighted with the new 1950 models — sturdier, quieter and more efficient than ever.

ATCO Motor Mowers are now available throughout the country. Write now for printed literature.

ATCO PRODUCTS: The Atco Motor Mower
The Atcoscythe
The Atco Boatimpeller
Atco Accessories
Atco Service

M3.

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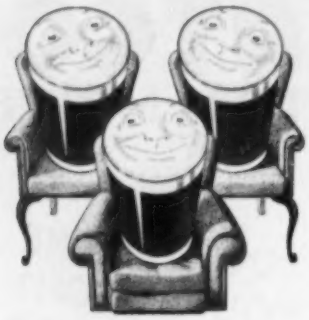
Family Group



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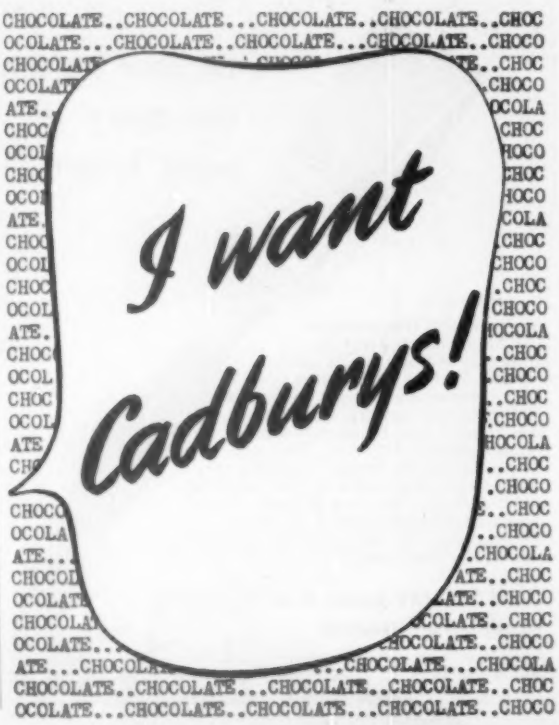


CHARIVARIA

FROM Vienna comes the report that a pack of foxes chased a man on a bicycle for several miles. In the mistaken belief, no doubt, that the man enjoys the hunt every bit as much as the fox.

At 9.15 on the morning of April 2 the Prime Minister of Burma and all his Cabinet resigned. Five minutes later they all resumed office. The explanation, says an Associated Press report, is that the official astrologers advised that the celestial portents decreed the period from 9.15 to 9.20 on that morning to be a particularly auspicious one for a Burmese Cabinet to assume office. The Ides had it.

"By this time Margot Fonteyn had returned and ballet historian Cyril Beaumont took the opportunity to present to her—for herself and on behalf of the company—a bronze medal stamped with the head of the 10th century ballerina, Fanny Elssler, who toured America in 1842."—*Canadian paper*

They should have seen her in her prime.

Mars is now receding from the earth after having approached to its nearest point for ten years. Retreating, presumably, to a prepared position in readiness for the usual autumn scare.

"Another measure sponsored by the Board of Trade will provide financial air to encourage industries to move into development areas."
Evening paper

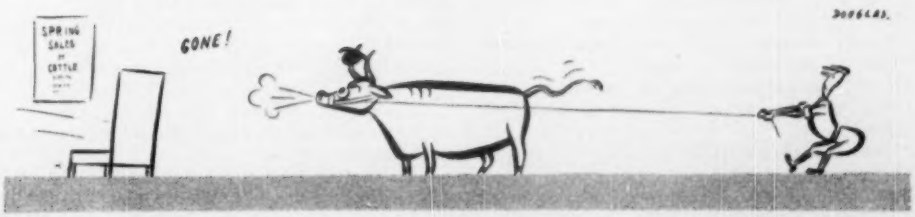
It smacks of inflation to us.

Police courts, a magistrate complains, are for the most part dark and dingy places. Certainly some of the guests would prefer to be shown up in a rather better light.

People living at Hanbury, Worcs., hear radio programmes on their telephones. The interference, according to Post Office engineers, is due to freak induction, as Hanbury is only three miles from the Droitwich transmitter. A report which should be treated with reserve comes from a housewife living near Alexandra Palace, who claims that she has seen a television programme on the door of her refrigerator.

Planning Runs Wild

"PUMP ROOM HOTEL PLANS SETBACK."
"Bath and Wilts Chronicle"



THE MENTAL CURE

TOM, Tom the piper's son
Stole a pig and away he run,
The pig was missed, and Tom was hissed
And sent to a psychiatrist.

This gentleman, whose name was Squoers
Allayed the young delinquent's fears,
And penned a note of even date
To the police court magistrate,
Which ran "The little mind is split
But we must make the best of it;
Subliminal desire for pork
Is often much too hard to balk,
And in some cases may extrude
The sense of moral turpitude;
Complete dispersal of the former
Should metagrobolize the Trauma."

The beak, at once impressed by this
Superbly phrased analysis,
Dispatched to a Remedial Home
The adolescent gastronome.
And here were pigs of various size
And various breeds in painted sties,
And every day from earliest dawn
The boy was given bits of brawn
And chitterlings and sausage meat
And rather more than he could eat—
However hard he tried to cram—
Of roasted pork and Wiltshire ham;
Till he forgot that ancient sin
For which the cops had pulled him in,
And nothing in his mind was left
Associating "pigs" with "theft."

The moral of this tale is plain:
He never stole a pig again;
And if he had not found some lead
And coshed a bank clerk on the head
When he returned refreshed and gay
From his delightful time of play,
He would not be in jug to-day.

EVOE

A FILM ON THE SURFACE

The reaction of a constant but vaguely resentful reader of F. L. Green to his new novel, "Clouds in the Wind."

I REACHED the little side-street I had been told about in the middle of a hot afternoon. It was in the heart of a city characterized by numerous sordid little streets of a similar nature. I knew the city fairly well, but circumstances had never before led me to this district, where the sunlight's intrusion hung relentless streamers of fatigue across the consciousness of the inhabitants of those streets.

But of late I had done much that was new . . . The first person, for example. Previous to this, had I ever written in the first person? Here I was, an established novelist, not only exploring in the first person but also invested with the implacable wish to find a certain shop well known to the criminal confraternity. . . .

When I had first heard of the existence of this shop I had surrendered to the wildest conjectures regarding its whereabouts. Now I found it easily in that huddle of murk and squalor. As I pushed open the jangling door an old man of about eighty-seven or eighty-eight years appeared behind the counter and stared at me. He presented an astonishing sight. I would describe him if it were not time for some dialogue.

"Frank?" he said. I gave an anguished shudder.

"How do you know my name?"

The old man exploded with soft laughter.

"They all come to me. Sooner or later!" he proclaimed.

"What does that mean?"

"I'll show you. . . ."

He turned with a passionate energy inimical to his age and took down a box from a shelf. He laughed again softly as he opened it. I recoiled. It seemed to be full of revolvers.

His eyes were charged with a circumambient hilarity.

"Do you see what you want there, Frank?"

I felt a stiff horror. "What do you . . ."

"I think you know what I mean! Alternatively . . ."

Again the old man turned with impatient nimbleness. I felt my being invaded by the backwash of all that energy. Prior to this, I had never experienced such an impulse. I was fearful, puzzled.

The old man's eyes held me again. Tension rose relentlessly and poured over us both, in the little shop.

"I'm out of stock, Frank! You're unlucky. . . ." Laughter broke from him in a soft explosion. "But I'll be getting a new consignment any day. Come in again, why don't you?"

"But what was . . ."

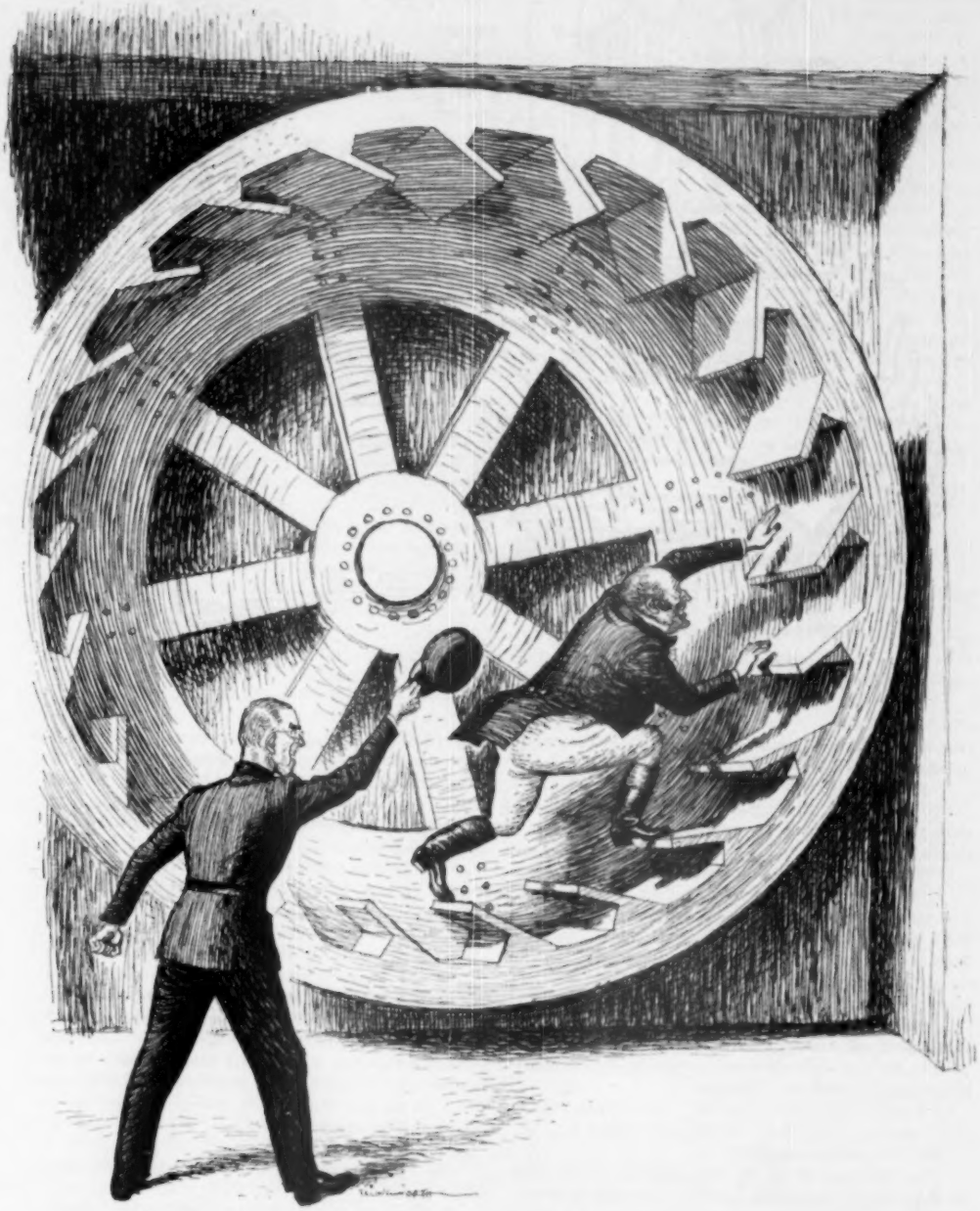
"Pursuit, Frank! I had a nice line in pursuits, all kinds. Of course you'll want a bit of violence too, and one or two of these . . ." His stiff gesture barely indicated the revolvers in the open box, from which disaster seemed to take substance in the stifling air.

"What am I to do with all this?" I said.

The old man exploded with soft laughter.

"You can't bamboozle me, Frank! You're like the rest of them. . . ."

His lustrous gaze comprehended the vicinity. I was conscious of a rigid anxiety, doubt. The old man



THE TAXPAYER

"Come on, John, you're gaining."

"But I am *hurrying, dear."*

placed his skinny hands adjacent on the tastefully polished counter.

"Films, Frank!"

I shuddered. Repugnance flowed upwards and sank upon my heart. The old man disregarded my confusion.

"That's what you're after, Frank! You want . . ." He made a gesture. "You want it both ways. You want your novel to be a thriller, Frank! You want them to buy it for the films! But you want it to stay deep and subtle. It's got to be psychological too!"

He leaned across the counter and stabbed with an urgent forefinger.

"Serious reviews, eh, Frank! A light on the dilemma of our time! All that stuff. . . ."

The air was saturated with a tension that seemed to constitute a threat, a menace.

"I don't say you're the only one, Frank! You aren't the only one! A lot of them are doing it. . . ."

He gave an anxious pout.

"Let me sum it up for you, Frank! They take the story of violent action . . . And they slow it down, by intensive scrutiny at all the high spots. A man points a revolver . . . and we're told how he feels, Frank. And we're told what the whole scene looks like again, and we're told that the atmosphere expanded into a hollow, portentous and unbending silence, or some such. That's critic-bait, Frank! The critics like that! But at the same time . . ."

His eyes snapped at the air. A ripple of amusement traversed that aged countenance, a thread of comedy invaded his posture.

"All the film-makers have to do, Frank, is to leave it out! It's a beautiful system, Frank! It works both ways!"

I felt a stiff displeasure. Why should I allow this old scarecrow to ridicule me? I looked at my watch.

It was time for afternoon tea. Taking out my fountpen I made an entry in my vest-pocket notebook (ruled feint lines). As I replaced the book and looked up at the old man I experienced the sudden passage across my soul of the vast actuality of life. It arose and brimmed over the edges of the moment like a ponderable entity, possessing the air like the heat, tangible, menacing.

"I must go. . . ."

"Are you away, Frank? Come again, why don't you?"

As I closed the door I wondered who, prior to myself, had plunged into the tide of cynicism in that murky cave. . . . I knew I should return.

RICHARD MALLETT

A TWICE TOLD TALE

"I SUPPOSE it was really the horse that brought things to a head, although if Martia had never invited the Armenian student to play billiards in the first place the whole ghastly sequence of events might have been averted and the great organ at St. Conifer's might never have been silenced. Looking back on it now I suppose that in some ways this was a good thing. At least it ensured that the Bradys never set foot in Bencullen again.

"Lois Trampleasure had said all along that to bring young children into a house with pumas in the attic was simply courting disaster. Dear, poor, misguided Lois! I know nothing of St. Conifer's qualifications, but Lois was a real saint if ever there was one. I can see her now, just exactly as she was on that fateful Friday, standing at the morning room window in her sou'wester and short serviceable skirt, staring with soft, unsuspecting eyes at that diabolical bird-bath.

"Sometimes I just can't believe that it's really over and done with and that I shall never again see William ambling up over the shoulder of Duggan's Down with the baying hounds at his heels and the bloodied sky staining his withers a dull crimson, and away over to his left the half-mocking hulk of the huge cromlech within whose sable shadow the final round of the drama was fought to a grisly finish.

"Even now I sometimes lie awake at night and see, as if it were there beside me, the look of quiet resignation in Martia's eyes as she mixes the hashish in with the cornflour. I hear her sharp intake of breath as the lid of the ottoman begins to heave and I note her short, proud snort as the water creeps up to her chin.

"But more insistently even than this I hear the loud beat of Herbert's hooves on the linoleum. I hear Rod Boulter's anguished voice rising clear above the din . . . 'The poor blind fools! They've forgotten the holes for the arms!'

"Sometimes I wake suddenly and sit bolt upright in bed with the sweat running off me in rivulets, wondering why in thunder Al Capone is not on his perch, wondering what Mordred can possibly have done with the poultice, wondering whether my elastic-sided boots will reach me in time for the ball.

"And then I remember with a wry laugh that I am safe in my Knightsbridge maisonette and that all these problems were settled once and for all a score of years ago. There are no sooty footmarks on the carpet of the great dining-room at Bethundred now, and the Lady Selina will never again squat under the chandelier on her hard kitchen chair twisting men's hearts like so much raffia.

"Where the vast seminary stood is now only a heap of rubble among which the wild rhubarb darts playfully and without respect, and the river Maw, stealing sulkily by, is all that remains to remind one of the events of those terrible twenty days; all, that is, except where here and there a fragment of organ stop or a twisted trouser-press pokes its nose out of the dust, bearing its unsavoury message to those of us who are left and who remember. Those of us who are left! Kirk Matterhorn, Hurdcott the heart specialist, Coins the night boilerman and myself! What a quartet! And poor Coins never less than a couple of bars behind! Little did we think that far-away morning as we stood wedged together on Magdalen tower that of all that boisterous company only we four would be spared to see another spring. And, as I say, if it hadn't been for the horse, and Martia inviting the Armenian student to billiards . . . but let me begin at the beginning . . ."

"I cannot imagine," I cried in a voice so strident with anguish that beside it Rod Boulter's must surely have sounded like a whispering baritone's—"I cannot imagine with what conceivable object, except to test the loyalty of your long-suffering publics to its uttermost limits, you popular lady novelists ever decide to begin anywhere else." And so saying I flung the heavy volume into the fire and then, in a moment of inexcusable weakness, retrieved it.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

DEM LI'L BONES

THE ear-drum's connected to the *malleus* bone,
The *malleus* is connected to the *incus* bone,
The *incus* is connected to the *stapes* bone,
The *stapes* is connected to the cochlea . . .
But I still can't hear
A thing that's said,
Because I've got
A cold in the head.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT

London Regional Petroleum Office

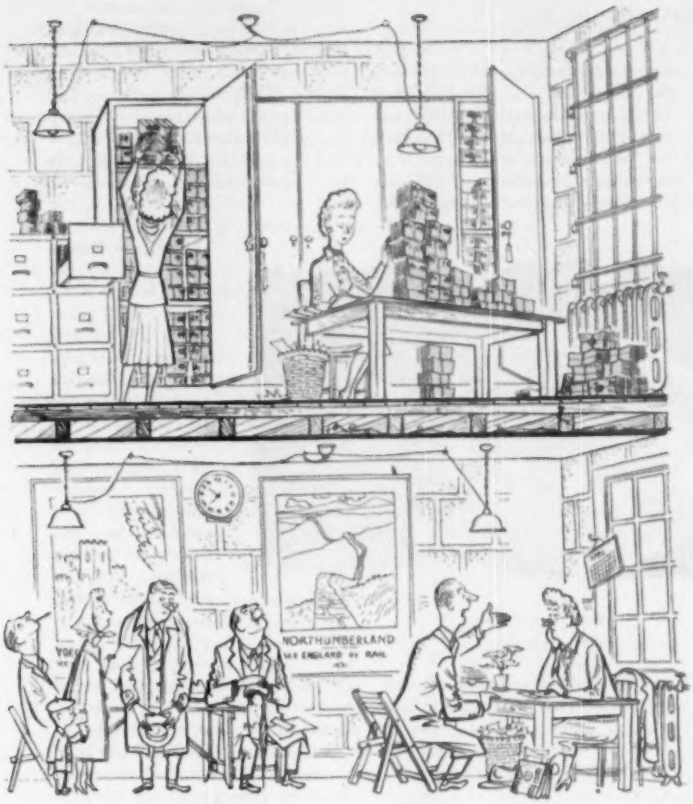
AT least twice a year more than a quarter of a million thirsty motorists in the Metropolitan Police area send their piteous appeals to Bromyard Avenue, Acton, W.3. A smaller number of would-be consumers, just enough to keep six interviewing officers permanently interviewing, journey to Acton in person, cap in hand, hand on heart and heart in mouth. For them, a dilemma: should they go by car, thus supporting their plea that the vehicle is indispensable, or play for pity by arriving on foot, virtuous citizens with a high sense of economy?

Those who plump for the second course (but I assure them that no one at Bromyard Avenue has time to look out of the window) may have difficulty in deciding from their Underground map whether to make for North Acton, South Acton, East Acton, West Acton or Acton Town; the answer, as a pleasant maiden on the switchboard told me when I rang up, is Hammersmith Broadway and a tuppenny-ha'penny trolley. "They all know Bromyard," she said. "I expect the conductor 'll say something sarcastic." He did, in a way. When I sought directions on alighting he jerked a thumb with "There you are, guv, can't miss it —'Rose Cottage'."

For once I couldn't: a monstrous, cloud-grey, concrete-slabbed parallelepiped which must surely block the sunlight from half the houses in all the Actons. I wanted Mr. Punch's Artist to forewarn you with a picture of the place; it seemed to me that any but the staunchest pilgrim must be struck trembling by its menacing glower and jump back on his trolleybus resolved to make do in future with a horse-and-trap. But Mr. P.'s A., a fair-minded man, declined. For one thing, only a part of this jailhouse belongs to the Min. of F. and P., elements of several other Ministries being held prisoner there; for another, warm hearts beat behind the cold walls, yea, even in the Regional Petroleum Office; the faces are kind (though I did glimpse a modern-dress Judge Jeffreys in the Appeals section—but they have to be tough in there) and self-directed jests fly freely. All this is a triumph of man over environment, for the inside of the building matches the outside in physical bleakness, with trestle tables, folding chairs, yellow-washed walls, superannuated linoleum and paintwork of distressed orange.

Preconceived notions of a sort of Scrooge-Murdstone character are at once dispelled on meeting the Regional Petroleum Officer himself; I should like to describe him—I shall do so, in fact, secure in the knowledge that I am a customer of quite another Region—as humorous and near-chubby, reminding me compellingly of a favourite uncle. His task is to administer petrol rationing in the London area; he is *not*, as certain of the unthinking public seem to imagine, the accursed instigator of rationing itself; nor is it his business to slash applicants to a ruthless and inadequate minimum owing to some supposed aggregate figure which he is not allowed to exceed; he is oppressed by no such restriction, and his job, as he sees it, is to give till it hurts, so that everyone gets the most that his circumstances seem to warrant. He has a tender spot for students, and for all users of low-consumption vehicles (he calls lightweight motor-cycles "poppers"), with a slight swing towards severity for owners of glossy leviathans in the 8 m.p.g. class. In a water shortage, after all, the man of sense wouldn't drink out of a sieve. Mr. Beatley is of opinion that at least one splendid thing has emerged from the rationing of petrol: never before in the nation's history has such admirable solicitude been shown for old or infirm relatives by their car-owning sons and nephews; the necessity to "take Auntie for a ride" (as they call it at the R.P.O.—the official description is "Carriage Exercise") has swept the country in a single decade . . .

I do not know of course (it would be most irregular if I did) what decision was reached by the R.P.O.'s First Applications section in the case of the gentleman who, describing himself as a Coal Club Collecting Agent, had on the day of our visit prayed for supplementary coupons to the tune of five hundred gallons a month on the grounds that he was tired of covering the distance on his push-bike; similarly, the fate of another petitioner, who argued that



public transport failed to get him home before his mother-in-law ate his rations, was no more than hinted at. It is pretty certain that just decisions were made; the officials in First Applications are second only in perspicuity to those in Appeals; they have developed a special detector-membrane, and applications of dubious authenticity emit a distinctive oscillation on sight. But on the whole efforts to put over a fast one are few, and if the R.P.O. isn't quite so black as it is painted, then neither is the public. In the steel - doored, barred - windowed strong-room, where coupon stocks line the walls in a profusion fit to make the motorist's mouth water, one roomy cabinet is stacked with *unused coupons returned*. Much shaken, I expressed a suspicion that these honest folk would suffer suitable cuts in future—which in turn shook Mr. Beatley; it seems that, on the contrary, their files now carry a fat good conduct mark. Mr. P.'s A., the blood slowly returning to his cheeks, declared his intention of sending back at least one unit next time.

Even the garages (if I may be forgiven the adverb) display a magnificent integrity, and the envelopes returned to Acton for checking (by the tanker drivers, who will only deliver petrol tallying in quantity with the expended coupons handed over at the pumps) often contain coupons with an entry on the back under "Quantity supplied if less than the quantity authorized." It is all very heartening.

There are some three hundred thousand files in the R.P.O. registry, a long, buff-tinged chamber about the size of the Brabazon hangar, and on the average twenty thousand others, their vacant places neatly flagged on the shelves, are passing through the administrative machine. It takes about forty seconds for one of them to be hounded down and placed on Mr. Beatley's desk by a smiling young lady, and it is the practice for the day's work to be dealt with (for initial action to be taken, that is) on that day. The needs of supplicants from overseas (one thousand one hundred and seventy last month: eight hundred and sixty called in person) are attended to either by return of post or by interview on the spot, partly for courtesy's sake, partly because passports have to be submitted, and these precious documents mustn't hang about collecting the dust.

It was a grim experience, as all motoring readers will readily understand, to spend half a day surrounded by enough paper gallons to float both the *Queens*. Who, we could not help asking ourselves, would miss one of those snug, square-cut packets of concentrated mileage? (But surveillance is, of course, rigid.) At first we exerted our charm to the full, until in the interview-room we saw our winsome smiles duplicated on the faces of the day's visitors, and realized that it was all a waste of time. Facts alone will tell. Justice is all. We got nothing out of the trip but great good humour, complete frankness and, as an accompaniment to the parting handshake, the neat farewell quip: "Well, good-bye. And if you ever *do* want a few gallons on the side—don't worry us!"

J. B. Boothroyd

AT THE PICTURES

The Inspector General—Under My Skin

THE new Danny Kaye picture *The Inspector General* (Director: HENRY KOSTER) is better than I'd been led to expect, though it's hard to define exactly for what reasons. It's as if they had set out to make a perfectly straight version of the Gogol play and then decided to bring Mr. KAYE in to brighten it up; which is not of course the way to make the best use of him—he should have the whole thing built round his unique and indeed priceless abilities. But in a singularly miscellaneous way this piece offers much to enjoy. It is done throughout with the care usually reserved for a serious costume "epic," in remarkably attractive *subdued* Technicolor often reminiscent of tinted early-nineteenth-century drawings; and when occasion offers it is arranged that Mr. KAYE shall hold the screen on his own, with what is in effect a "turn." Nobody who has gone to *The Inspector General* because it is "a Danny Kaye picture"—and, I suggest, very few other people—can help thinking these turns the high spots of it, but there is a certain amount of simple pleasure to be had in the rest. It is by no means the original play, though one can detect echoes of that (the twins, for instance); the characters have been broadened and simplified, and the principal figure is now not a minor official but the feather-headed assistant of a travelling pedlar—which does not make for verisimilitude in the central mistaken-identity situation. (It would not be worth mentioning verisimilitude at all, of course, if the settings, the costumes, the design and the colour did not seem to aim at it.) However, the cues for the turns are adequate, and the turns themselves are without exception a joy; the most brilliant is certainly the one in which Mr. KAYE is enabled to build up the most complicated soliloquy on record into a sort of oratorio-style quartet in which he sings all the parts. His "Gipsy Drinking Song," less elaborate, is almost as pleasing. The more I think about the whole pyramid of nonsense the more I am inclined to see it again.

[*The Inspector General*

Solo Panorama

Georgi—DANNY KAYE

The fact that when Hollywood acquires MICHELINE PRESLE it simplifies her name, for laborious readers, by substituting another "L" for the "S" (as it simplified Max Ophuls' name by dropping the "h"), is symptomatic of the approach in *Under My Skin* (Director: JEAN NEGULESCO), which is really a pretty negligible horse-racing effort and is made interesting to consider only by a few honoured names—hers, and the director's, and ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S. The film is "based on" a story by Mr. HEMINGWAY which, if I ever read it, I've forgotten; the theme being the one, by now fairly familiar to us, concerned with the troubles of a man (in this instance a jockey) who is paid by a crook to lose but driven by circumstances to win. The complication is the presence of his young hero-worshipping son, who takes a high moral tone; and under the heading of decoration come the placing of the scene in Paris (beards in a night-club, "Paris music" on the sound-track, detail of racing at Chantilly), Miss PRESLE or PRELLE herself, and two or three songs she sings for no reason connected with the story. I have treated the film without respect, but it is a well-done example of its kind, and often pleasant visually.

[*Under My Skin*

April in Paris

Les Barbus—Unspecified

* * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

On the Town (12/4/50), that wonderfully good and very enjoyable musical, is one of the most rewarding London shows. Hard to be sure what else will still be running, but one that deserves to be is *Au delà des Grilles* (29/3/50). Releases include nothing outstanding, but *Guilt is My Shadow* (5/4/50) is well worth seeing, and *When Willie Comes Marching Home* is good fun. RICHARD MALLETT

CARTOON CONFERENCE

"NOW after the kitten has been trampled on by the elephant——"

"Leaving his imprint in the concrete?"

"Oh, yah, leaving his imprint in the concrete—he can get up and fly around like an aeroplane for a bit——"

"With his head going round like a propeller?"

"Yah, yah, and the background music making like this: 'Zeeeeeee—dadadada—zeeeeeee!' Then he power-dives right down the elephant's trunk. You can see the shape of him moving up through the trunk, and the elephant gets mad. Stamps around, see? He tears up a few trees in his agony, and flings them around, and they dance like skeletons. One small tree he throws at the monkey who got set on fire earlier on, and who's still prowling about, whimpering and singed. The tree goes right into the monkey's mouth, see?"

"Fine! Fine! The grown-ups'll love that too."

"Wait a bit. And goes right down through his body, bumps on the ground——"

"And the music makes like this: '*Doinggg!*'"

"Yah, yah— and then bounces right up again—wheeee!—up in the air, and then down, down, down, and pierces the elephant's forehead."

"*Doinggg?*"

"Yah, doinggg! Well, the elephant gives a sneeze at this, and out shoots the kitten from his trunk like a bullet——"

"*Zoooom!*"

"Yah, like that—and goes wham into a beer barrel. Head-first into the bung-hole, see? Can't get his head out."

"And stars come up from the barrel?"

"Yah, yah. And a whole lot of squawking and bubbling. Nice effects noises."

"Didn't we use that in *Pussy's Picnic*?"

"No, no, that was a barrel of tar. Anyway, just before the kitten drowns up comes the monkey and jumps in the beer to cool off; he can still be smouldering a bit, see? Well, inside the barrel he sees this face of the kitten—close-up, all teeth, like a tiger. So the monkey swims around in the beer to get up some—er—what is it?"

"Impetus?"

"Yah, yah—and then, *wham!*—he butts the kitten head first out of the bung-hole——"

"And he can't stop himself because of all the impetus, and he gets his own head stuck through the hole the other way round!"

"Yah, if you like. Then the kitten picks up a rusty iron bar and starts beating the living daylights out of the monkey's head."

"What about the elephant all this time?"

"Oh, he's mooching around looking for the kitten, and he pokes his trunk into a wasps' nest."

"They sting him?"

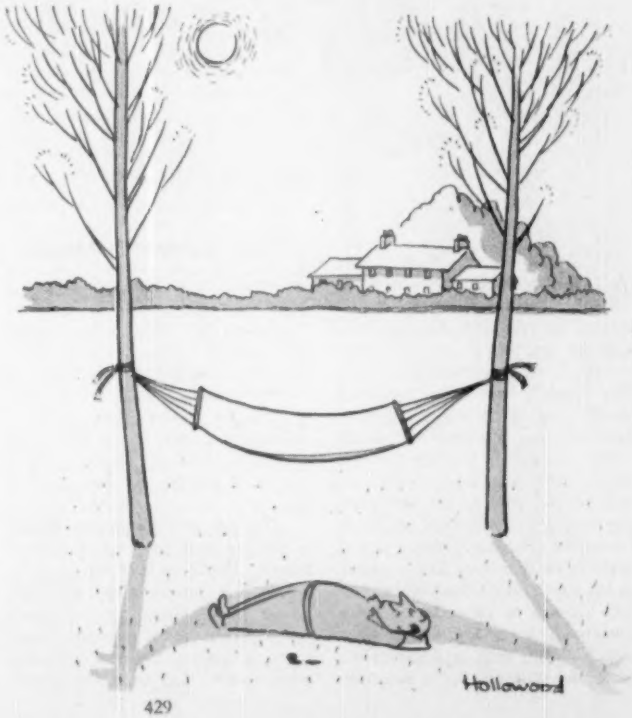
"Sure! You can't afford to miss a gag in this game. Keep 'em laughing, that's the secret. They sting him all over his trunk, and it comes up in blisters, *ping! ping! ping!* He roars around, kicks over the beer barrel, and tramples the monkey into the ground. Close-up of his foot coming down."

"No concrete this time?"

"No, you mustn't flog a comic idea to death. The kitten gets his head stuck in the wasps' nest and pulls until he stretches his neck so it's three or four yards long and then, *doinggg!*—his head snaps back and knocks him out."

"Any happy ending?"

"Oh, yah. The kitten pulls the monkey out of the hole in the ground by winding its tail around a winch, and then the pair of them run away from the elephant. He gets stung in each eye by some of the wasps, and falls over a precipice, right into a lake—*whoooosh!* And the wasps get drowned. Oh, you got to have a happy ending. You always got to remember one thing: kids love animals."



"It's the Council—some voted for a fun fair and some for a cliff railway, and neither side polled a working majority."

THE COSMIC MESS

AT any moment, any night or day, any of the uncountable readers of this fascinating column may be confronted by a burglar, bandit, or schizophrenic beast-boy. The burglar, bandit, or beast-boy is likely to carry some offensive weapon: the uncountable reader is not. Certainly the uncountable reader will not have a gun, for only burglars and bandits are allowed to have a gun: and although he can do so without filling up forms, he is not likely to carry a razor in his pocket on his way to the office. Even if he does happen to have an offensive instrument upon him—such as a sailor's knife, with a marlinspike, not a bad weapon—he is probably uncertain how far the law will permit him to go. This column does not advise its readers to carry razors to the office (though sailors' knives with marlinspikes, or hat-pins, are recommended): but it thinks they should be better prepared and armed than they are on their own premises. And, on their behalf, it has been looking up the criminal law.

How far, for example, can the use of the common garden-fork against burglar, bandit, or beast-boy be justified? This column is well prepared to be mown down by indignant lawyers: but at the moment it sees quite a future for the common garden-fork. Let us never forget, uncountables, that in 1811 Mr. Purcell, of County Cork, was *knighted* for killing four burglars with a carving-knife.* One or two episodes of that character might discourage the burglar and bandit more than the return of flogging.

But let us be clear. It is awfully hard to be clear. First, we are told that:

"a man is justified in using force against an assailant, in defence of himself, or his immediate kindred. Hence, if he has a reasonable apprehension of danger, and adopts none but reasonable means of warding it off, he will be innocent even though the wrong-doer be killed by the means thus adopted. But reasonable these means must be. Hence a person is

* *Outline of Criminal Law* (Kenny), page 103

not justified in using fire-arms against his assailant, unless the assault is so violent as to make him consider his life to be actually in danger."

Then we are told that:

"When the wrong-doer is not going so far as to assault a human being, but is only interfering unlawfully with property, whether real or personal, the possessor of that property (though he is permitted by the law to use a moderate degree of force in defence of his possessions) will usually not be justified in carrying this force to the point of killing the trespasser . . ."

But do not be discouraged.

"Such a justification will not arise unless the trespasser's interference or resistance amounts to a felony, and moreover to a felony of some kind that is violent, such, for example, as *robbery, arson* or *burglary*."

That looks better. But then:

"Even these extremely violent felonies should not be resisted by extreme violence unless it is actually necessary; thus, fire-arms should not be used unless there seems to be no other mode available for defeating the intruder and securing his arrest."

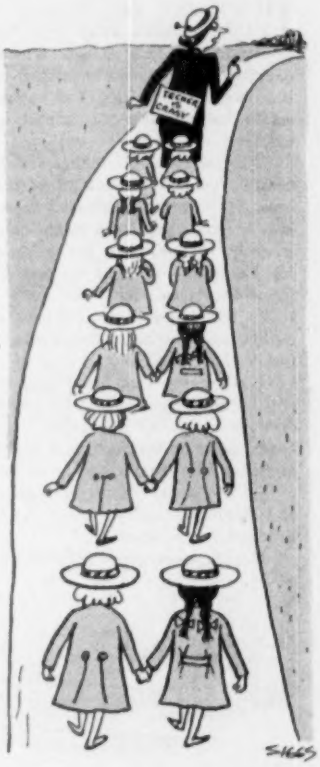
What do you make of all that, uncountable readers, householders and bank-managers? It seems clear at least that burglary (which means housebreaking by night) and daylight robbery are "extremely violent felonies", which may be resisted by "extreme violence", even shooting, where "there seems to be no other mode available for defeating the intruder and securing his arrest". So here is a good opening for the common garden-fork. When the bandit presents a pistol at the bank-manager and says in uncultivated tones "This is a stick-up", the bank-manager will have in addition "a reasonable apprehension of danger" and will, according to this column, be justified in inserting the garden-fork in any portion of the wrong-doer's anatomy. Not every bank-manager or cashier, perhaps, will have the fortitude or agility to do this with success: but the wrong-doer is not to know that. So this column suggests that a garden-fork or two should hang rather obviously on the wall behind the counter of every bank, post office, etc. The sight might make many a bandit think again.

Now, about the use of the garden-fork in the home. The householder, of course, as he creeps downstairs with his fork at the ready, must bear in mind the various vague sayings of the law about "reasonable force" and "moderate degree". If he comes upon a burglar quietly at work with his back to him, he should not perhaps at once stick the fork *right* through the burglar. To be on the safe side he should content himself with a "reasonable" insertion of the fork: and what is reasonable is a question of fact to be decided on the merits of the case. On the other hand, let us remember that the burglar, however quietly he is going about his work, is already guilty of a "violent felony," having "broken" in—blast him! In the old days, this column understands, he had no rights and could be shot at sight. Even in these namby-pamby days he has not many rights, and, this column suggests, a penetration of, say, two inches into the liver and kidneys might well be considered "reasonable". Certainly, if there is the smallest menace from the burglar—any flourishing of weapons, any nonsense about "Stick 'em up!"—this column assures the uncountable reader that he may drive the garden-fork through the burglar's guts without fear of the law. Who knows—he may be knighted, like Mr. Purcell. But what if the burglar, though making no menace, tries to make off, and refuses to await arrest? According to this column's view of the law the householder may then fling the garden-fork, as if it were a harpoon, after the malefactor, careless where and how it hits him. But this column (for once) may be wrong.

Everything that has been said about garden-forks applies (this column believes) to hat-pins used by women against burglars or highway robbers.

This column (if it is right—and even if it is not) hopes that this column will be widely reproduced and read in burglar and bandit circles. What is wanted is a Purcell episode or two. The householder is far too placid, believing always that it happens only to the man next door. We should make little traps of barbed wire, and hang bells about the garden. And we should have the garden-fork, the marlinspike and the hat-pin ready. Burglary used to be a capital offence; and should, this column thinks, be a capital offence again. It is not likely to be, but it should be made plain to the burglar that, quite lawfully, and rather painfully, he may lose his life, by garden-fork or hat-pin. This column, when the time comes, may well fail in fortitude or agility: but it gives notice to wrongdoers that, if it does happen to get the upper hand, it will not care twopence if the wrongdoer is a misunderstood deserter, a poor man with a sick mother, or a schizophrenic hobbledehoy—it does not like strangers prowling about its house, and it will use the garden-fork as it thinks fit. Banks, post offices, shops and warehouses, please copy.

A. P. H.



"Any more of that giggling and we go straight back and do spelling."

"Stand by for whipping away the marmalade and substituting the coffee-pot . . ."

CLEANER AND CLEANER

PHIPPSON'S Dry Cleaning is only two doors away from the undertaker's, and looks almost exactly like it; twice I have been on the verge of entering the wrong establishment with an armful of clothing.

Phippson's has been established seventy years. It says so in the prim gilt lettering which strikes the only bright note in the black-hung window, except when the present Mr. Phippson—who has been established nearly as long as the shop—really lets himself go and puts a cushion in the window to show how nicely they've done it.

Mother says that Mr. Phippson and his shop have looked the same ever since she can remember. He has a carpet on the floor, and a sort of diploma in a frame on one of the walls. He wears unobtrusive suits and beautiful white collars with starched fins in front.

Mr. Phippson never calls a coat a coat or a curtain a curtain; always it is a garment or an article. His long, thin hands shake it out fastidiously; he inspects the damage and pushes the thing away hastily, avoiding the indelicacy of comment. He knows who you are and where you live, and when the work is finished he will send it home by van. It's all very reliable and everlasting.

Into our High Street's placid world there burst one day a surprise, a vulgar yellow one called the Two-Two's Cleaners. ("Clean—for Two Bob in Two Days. Why Pay More?")

Mother was considerably shaken.

"Cheek!" she exclaimed. The new shop was so close to Phippson's that at night its sizzling red neon sign winked at itself across the street in Phippson's black windows; and in the daytime mother's eyes were offended by unseemly posterwork four feet high, urging you to "Fetch Your Own and Save Your Pocket."

Mr. Phippson mentioned the upstart before we did. He coughed delicately behind one of his long hands and wondered if we had by any chance noticed the place opposite?

"It would be hard not to," I said.

"But we're *perfectly* happy with you, Mr. Phippson," mother added gently. He smirked over his collar at the eiderdown the cocoa got spilt on.

"The article will be ready in ten days, madam," he said, pushing it from him.

"Quality rather than speed, Mr. Phippson," said mother, approvingly.

Speed, however, wasn't doing at all badly for itself; Two-Two's was picking up all the crumbs of business which the more expensive Phippson's missed. Two-Two's was about as private as a tank of tropical fish, and not unlike one to look at: motley shoals of vivid clothing nudged against the glass waiting for their owners. It was entertaining to recognize Mrs. Warren's red corduroy embracing Miss Punt's old blazer, since everyone knew that the girls weren't overfond of each other; but at least you could see when your things were ready.

One Thursday I suddenly remembered that my blue jacket frock, which I simply had to wear on Saturday evening, was in need of attention.

"Speed rather than quality this time, mother," I said. She looked pained and walked on without me; I slipped guiltily into the bright fish tank, one eye on the black window opposite.

The orange-haired girl in Two-Two's spread-eagled my dress and jacket on the counter and told me

"I said we're travelling faster than sound, now!"

reproachfully that I had a really nasty stain on the bowler-oh, although I had pronounced it more like Ravel's. Giving herself a further application of chow's tongue with her pencil, she took down my particulars.

"Saturday noon for certain," she promised me. "Not like Slow-coach opposite," she added informally, stuffing my dress into a sack.

It was mother who reminded me.

"That place," she said, a little coldly, at half-past four on Saturday, "has your dress." With a small shriek I left my tea and rushed down the High Street.

"Oh! Oh!" I muttered helplessly. For Two-Two's was tightly and irrevocably shut for the week-end. And there hung my dress, in profile, just three inches from my fingers; what I could see of it looked quite nice. I prodded stupidly at the dress like a bird who refuses to believe in glass; then pressed my forehead to the door and rattled the handle. And as I pressed and rattled I noticed a crack of light backstage.

"It's the charwoman," I decided. "Surely she'd let me have the frock if I just go around and explain how matters are."

Splashing through the puddles in the back lane, I arrived at the dull, unpainted reverse side of Two-Two's. Luck was with me; the dull little door was unlocked.

* * * * *

"Well, how does it look?" asked mother. "No shocks, I hope?"

"Just one," I said. "Mr. Phipp-son, very happily totting up the profits of his new private enterprise."

I. C. S. (RETD.)

I REMEMBER one morning of many mornings
When the wood-smoke haze smelt doubly sweet,
And the mounting sun lit up like diamonds
The dew on the jade-green, infant wheat.

The air was cold and the horse was lively,
My hands were numb with reining her in;
I felt the pull on my wrists and forearms
But not the pressure of reins on skin.

Whether we went over broken hill-sides
And dried-up torrents, or whether our way
Was over the flat, sleek squares of the Colonies
And water-courses, I cannot say.

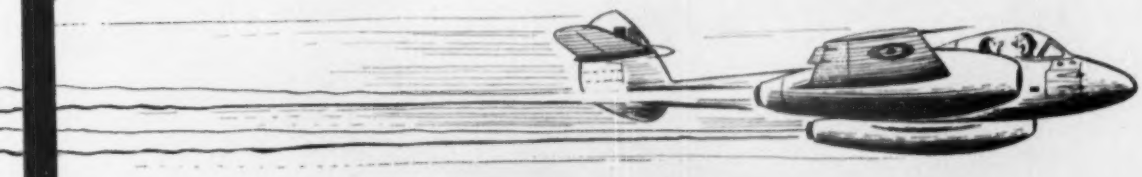
There was all the usual retinue of riders
On ramping stallions and running tats
With high-peaked pommels and thorn-bit bridles,
Unshod, splay-hooved and climbing like cats;

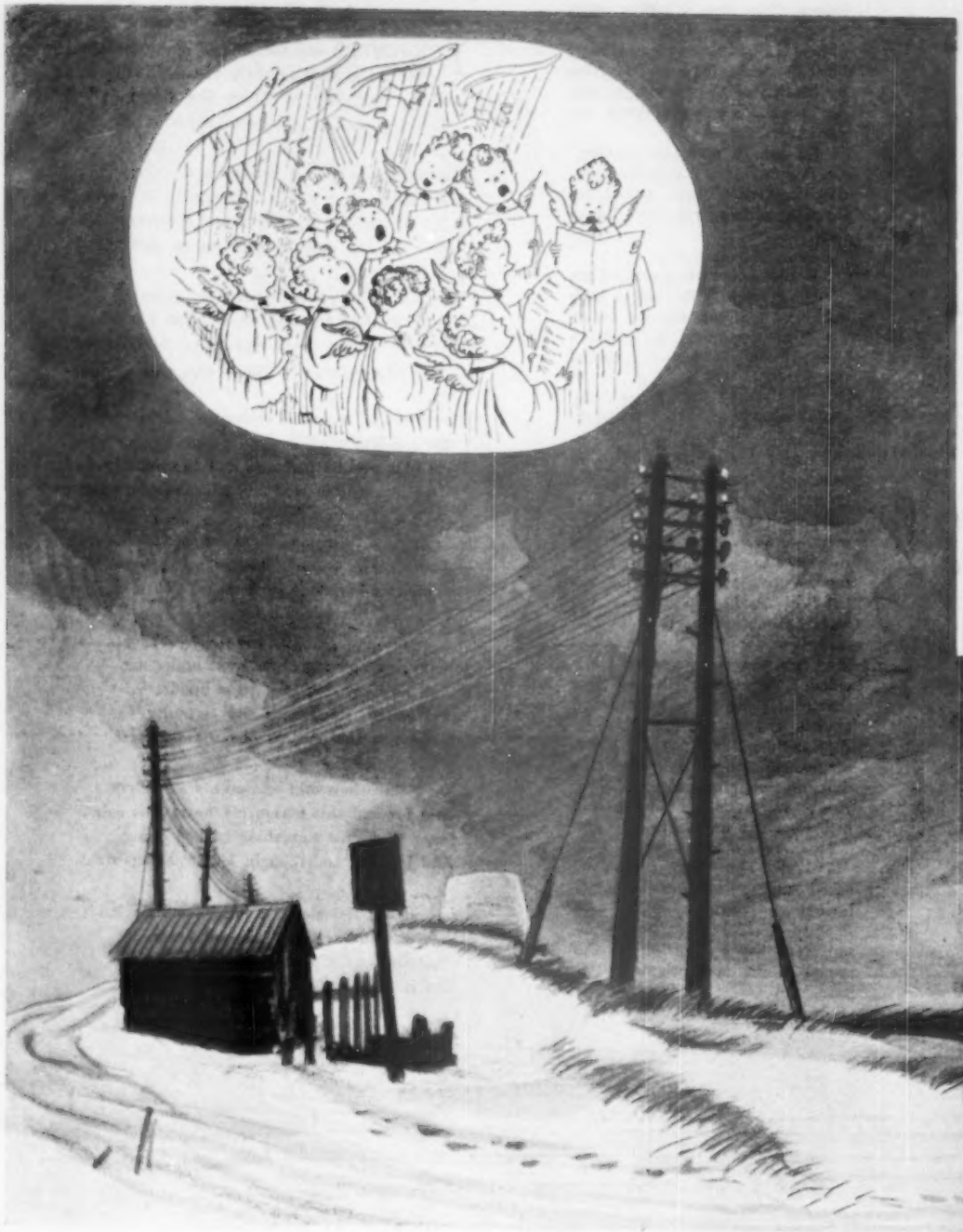
They hugged their papers and clutched their saddles,
And their puggaree-tails flew out behind;
But whether they were Revenue, or Police, or Excise
I cannot precisely call to mind.

I remember how my horse went under me
And how my dog kept pace beside;
But I cannot recall with any certainty
What was the purpose of our ride.

I know that the world was on my shoulders,
And for just this reason my heart was light;
I know there was something needed doing,
And I did it, and thought I'd set things right.

I remember I'd just had a letter from England;
But who it was from I do not know.
I remember many things very clearly,
But it all seems a very long time ago.





THE WIND IN THE TELEGRAPH WIRES

THROUGH these outstretched aërial wires
That cross the desert dune
I hear the sound of heavenly choirs
That sing a heavenly tune.

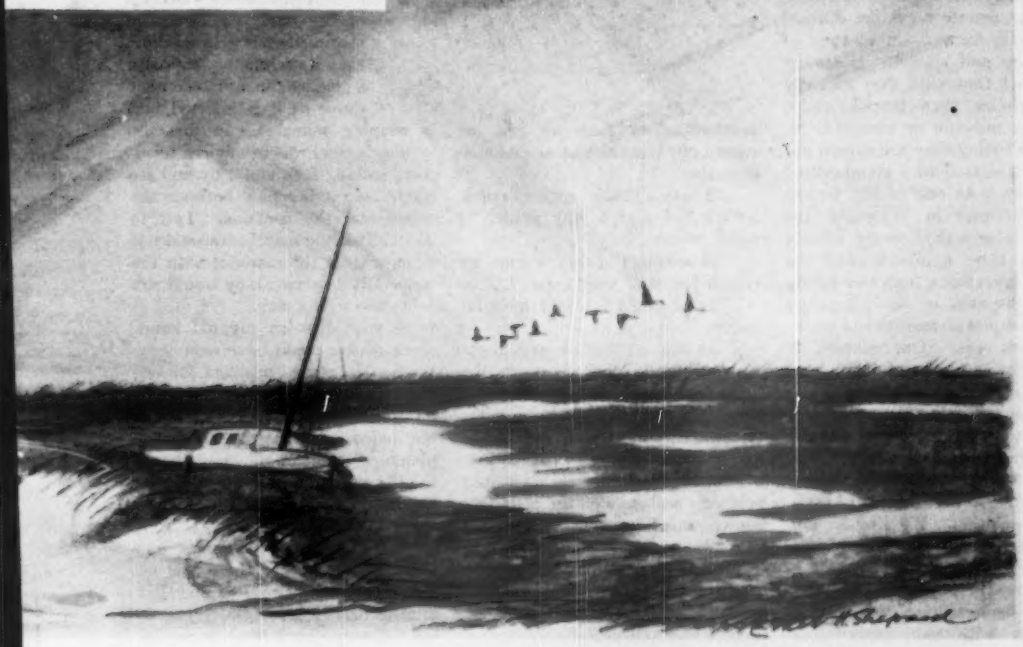
What they may say I dare not ask,
Nor ever may divine
From out what transcendental cask
They draw such holy wine.

The telegrams along those wires
Tell tales of woe or bliss,
But never telegram inspires
Tune that was like to this.

Locked in their narrow metal shell
Fly round the waiting earth
Tidings from those that buy and sell
And news of death and birth;

But never rumour of these things
Leaks from the pendant wire,
Through whose vibration strangely sings
The high and heavenly choir.

R. P. LISTER



THE WOODEN CHAIR

IN one of Mr. Shaw's plays—*The Devil's Disciple*, I think, but I am for once open to contradiction—there is mention of a seat "conventionally moulded to the sitter's curves." This is undoubtedly a Windsor chair, with its bowed back and its seat of adzed elm, and the master's definition is magnificently apt.

The Windsor bow-back chair has been made in England for at least four hundred years. It was the chair that our first chairmen sat in, at a time when the lower orders, the fetchers, carriers and hewers, were thought to be invertebrate and sufficiently comfortable on their stools and backless benches. A careful examination of these old chairs can be most instructive to the student of anatomy: he learns, I am told, that our remote ancestors differed very little from us in matters of curvature and spread. We must remember that until very recently these chairs were bespoke jobs, made to measure or custom-built, whereas to-day they are turned out by the thousand to a standardized concavity. At one of the largest chair factories in Wycombe the output is one chair every twenty seconds, three a minute, and the cycle of operations, from tree-felling to the dispatch of the completed chair, occupies no more than a week, and often less. One minute, it seems, ancient trees of beech and elm browse contentedly on the chalky soil of the Chilterns, and the next they are rolling off the conveyers as Windsor chairs.

To the ordinary observer there is something almost indecent in this swift translation. We English are great tree-lovers (even if we have allowed our country to become the most treeless in Europe) and such unceremonious execution goes against the grain with us. Incorrigible sentimentalists that we are, we regard our trees almost as domestic animals.

"I say, that's rather quick, isn't it," I said to my guide, "I mean to say . . ."

"Seasoning? Don't worry, we season the stuff very carefully."

"In a *week*?" I said incredulously.

"In less. I'll show you."

And he led me away to the kilns. Thousands of chunks of wood lay supine and flaccid in the racks of a monstrous turkish bath—like flabby boxers trying to reduce just before the weigh-in. They sweated profusely and gave off an intoxicating odour of brewing. In a few hours they would be "done" and their moisture content would be down to the required ten per cent: overnight the green timber would become sere and yellow.

Seeing all this with the naked eye made me wonder whether the British reverence for such processes as maturing, weathering, seasoning, drying out, lying fallow and settling ("Let it stand a while") might not, after all, be merely an excuse for sloth or inactivity. I mean . . . well, can I really claim that the undercoat of paint in the spare bedroom is still drying out, or that the vegetable patch is still prospering under "natural" subaerial cultivation? I don't want to press this point unduly, but sociologists and productivity experts may well find it worthy of attention.

In man-hours it takes about twice as long to make a Windsor by quantity - production methods as it does to read this article. This means that each of the sixty or so men engaged on its manufacture and assembly affords it some thirty seconds of his time. From most of the workers it gets no more than a perfunctory tap with a mallet or a momentary shove as it is injected into a shaping machine. In fact the worker's chief rôle in modern furniture making is to stand by and see that there is fair play between the wood and the machine. Left to themselves the machines would not always treat the material with the respect it deserves: they would rub it up the wrong way.

I wish Brooker my old handwork master could have seen these mechanical planes, levellers, joiners, turners and shapers. We never got on well together, Brooker and I. He maintained that my indifferent planing ("peneplaning," he called it, the old cynic) and my fits-where-it-touches joinery were attributable to bone idleness coupled with congenital clumsiness. But he was wrong: I knew that there was no future in woodwork *per se*, and that to take Brooker's handwork classes too seriously would be to engage in

a losing battle with the machine. Here at Wycombe the machine is the complete master. The fifteen component items of the chair, the bow, seat, sticks, legs and struts, are all turned out by specialist machines, and when they are brought together for assembly they fit like eye-balls into sockets. There are no mortise and tenon joints in the Windsor chair—merely a succession of round pegs fitted into round holes—but I saw them being made by the thousand in another shop devoted entirely to sideboards. The operation comes over badly on paper because it is so staggeringly simple: machines fed with pieces of wood shape the two halves of the joint with the ease and speed of a bus conductor punching a ticket. And the finished job is as precise as a skilled craftsman could achieve in an afternoon's work.

After assembly the chair is sprayed with cellulose and rushed away to be sat on. As the conveyer belt discharged its burden to the delivery department and the trucks dashed off to the railway station with their loads I fancied that half of Britain must be waiting with aching calves to sit or flop down. These were urgent supplies being rushed to a foot-weary populace.

Only in two departments did I see men working on the wood by hand-and-eye methods, that is *without* a battery of automatic machines at their elbows. In the bow-bending shop two men combined as a team. The length of steaming-hot ash (or beech) was placed tangentially to the curve of a horse-shoe pattern. Then the partners—one at each end—grasped the rod with both hands and pulled it round into conformity with the pattern.

"Like to try it?" said the elder workman.

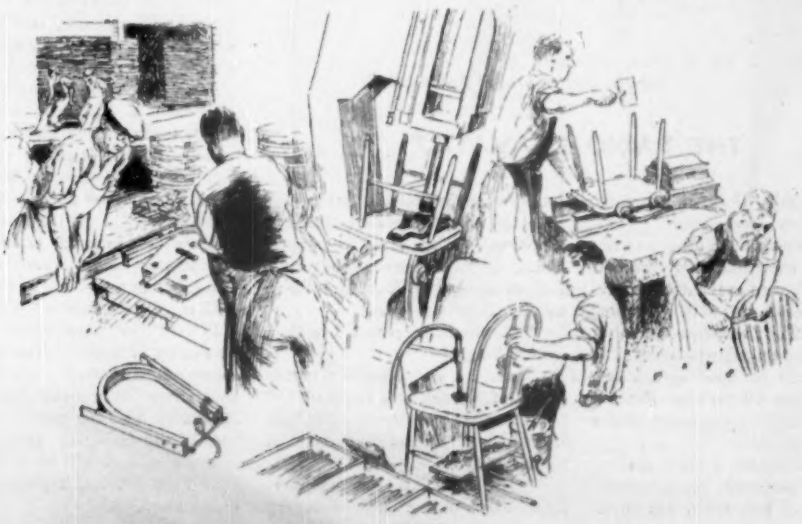
So I heaved at the wood, and very slowly it began to move. Soon, though, there was more steam rising from my head than from the bench, and I had to admit defeat.

"It's just a trick," said the first workman, a fellow with biceps like boulders; "you can't do it without you have rubbers on your shoes"—which I thought a most generous and considerate gesture.

In the other hand-and-eye department real old-fashioned craftsmen equipped with nothing more than chisels, mallets and sandpaper were trimming the products of the machines, removing blemishes and patches of glue. And these workers were more numerous than the machine operators not because the blemishes are numerous but because the two groups, machinists and finishers, must work at equal speed.

I might add that each worker in the factory is supplied with abundant compressed-air power, which he uses at every opportunity. I saw men blowing shavings from their benches with it, and I have no doubt that it is also used at times to break in new instruments for the works' brass band.

Only one practical tip emerges from this investigation, and that is how to mend the leg of an unstable chair. Observe, please, that it is "leg," not "legs": if a chair wobbles it is because *one of the legs is too long*. (Official) At Wycombe the levelling job is done by an ingenious machine which identifies the rebel and cuts him down all in one movement. At home the same result can be achieved, I suppose, by . . . half a minute, please, while I put this to the test. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Get me one of those carts with the wheels that go round backwards."

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

XXVI

I SUPPOSE that most radio dramatists have made an attempt at some time or other to write a play for the Children's Hour. I have myself ventured into this field on three occasions, with a musical version of *The Premature Burial*, a *Macbeth* and an adaptation of *The Swiss Family Robinson* as a serial. It may be that a brief consideration of the third will yield some points of interest.

First, of course, I made a careful study of the work. No character, it seemed to me, stood out more boldly than that of the father, and here the most interesting trait was a phenomenally sensitive appreciation of the humorous side of life. Let us listen to Robinson for a moment:

"'A crocodile,' cried I with a hearty laugh."

"'Ha, ha, ha! Here is a pretty round of *possible* and *impossible*.'"

"I ran to them, laughing heartily." (Fritz has been attacked by an ape.)

"'Ha, ha! This, too, will perhaps turn out a new discovery and an additional source of usefulness.'"

"Jack received a violent blow in the face from the lobster's tail . . . I could not refrain from laughing heartily."

The other members of the family were to some extent infected with this extraordinary risibility: for example, Robinson is greeted with roars of laughter when he appears with an iguana, or giant lizard, on his back. It is of course possible that one underrates the humorous effect of such a spectacle—not one, in the nature of things, likely to be encountered in these islands—but many other instances occur of what must be considered almost a pathological instability.

I next noted certain strong indications that Robinson was, for a pastor, oddly easy-going in matters of conduct. I refer particularly to Fritz's experiments with fermented coconut milk. Robinson's first comment is "Bravo, Mr. Fritz! You have manufactured there a wine of some mettle. I must now caution you not to let it make you tipsy." There is nothing very much wrong with this, though we have a rather unpleasant suggestion of the earthy shrewdness of the boon companion; but let us read on: "Come, then, I drink your health, and that of our dear family; but I am pretty sure that, *if we would arrive sober*, we must not venture on frequent libations." Behind the words which I have written in italics we catch a glimpse of a curiously free and easy Robinson, a Robinson who, if I am not very much mistaken, had already decided that in whatever condition Fritz chose to arrive he himself would be happily fuddled. That he took to the nuts with reckless abandon becomes clear enough on the next page, where we find him cradling a monkey in his arms, with maudlin shouts of "What shall I do with thee, poor orphan?"

Finally, I noted Robinson's insolent assumption of condescending superiority, his constant reproofs to his family, and the general lifelessness of the dialogue. Perhaps one example of each will be sufficient:

"Your scheme, I grant, is not ill-imagined."

"Son Fritz, this is not generous on your part."

"Do you know, Jack, what an allegory is?" "It somewhat resembles a parable, I presume?" "Right, one is very similar to the other."

After careful consideration of all these points I resolved, first, to curb Robinson's hilarity; second, to make the children less submissive; and third, to omit the episode of the coconut milk.

I now began to ask myself what would be most certain to please my audience, and I felt pretty safe in replying "Violence and bloodshed." It seemed to me that in the whole of *The Swiss Family Robinson* there was only one incident which would have the least chance of diverting the childish listener—the crushing and devouring of the ass by the boa-constrictor. I therefore decided to introduce a succession of exciting events—frequent maulings of the family by wild beasts, for example. At the same time I determined to make the fullest possible use of the wealth of educational information contained in the book. Furthermore, I felt that some strong emotional interest might well be acceptable to the more sophisticated children, and this I planned to secure by the suggestion that Robinson, through stupidly blowing the pinnace to pieces in an attempt to extract it undamaged from the wreck, had lost the affections of his wife. His desperate efforts to rehabilitate himself would, I thought, furnish much valuable material.

Perhaps the reader may be interested to trace the influence of these considerations in the shaping of the following extract from the dialogue:

Robinson. What you so foolishly dismiss as a mere fallen tree-trunk, my dear Ernest, is in reality a fine specimen of the little known ironwood. With this wood I will undertake to fashion tools, razors, watches——

Ernest. It is my duty to warn you, father, and that gravely, that this weak and puerile braggadocio—

Robinson. And for you, my dear wife, a sewing-machine, pins, needles——

Mrs. Robinson. It may be, of course, that you have indeed ignorantly blundered on this valuable timber, but for my part I doubt——

Robinson. Hand me the axe! (*Sound of a blow.*)

Fritz. See! See! An immense crocodile!

Jack. He has papa by the leg.

Ernest. The teeth are conical and of very large size.

Fritz. The digestion is so rapid and powerful that every bone of the creature's prey is dissolved while still in the wide and long gullet.

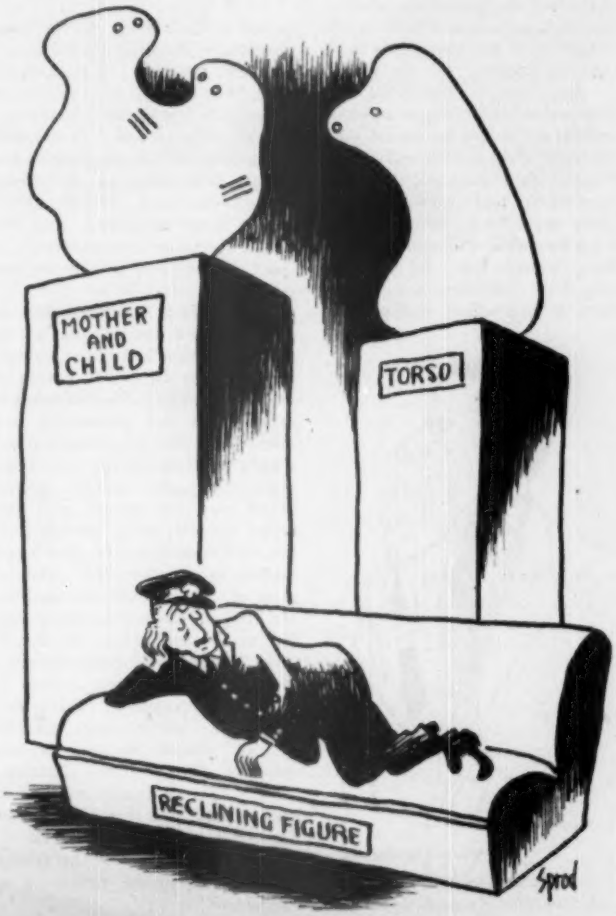
Franz. Twenty to sixty eggs are laid, of the approximate size of those of a goose. *Etc., etc.*

The play was of course, like all my other work, purely experimental, and I never submitted it to the B.B.C. Nevertheless, I flatter myself that it was not without merit, and it may be of some interest to the Governors to know that it is lying in my desk at this moment. T. S. WATT

"NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISORDERS, DENBIGH

A Career for Men and Women"
"Barmouth Advertiser"

No future in it, Tosh.



AT THE PLAY

The Trial (WINTER GARDEN)
The Man with the Umbrella
(DUCHESS)

THE novels of Franz Kafka, which shook Middle Europe in the 'twenties and set literary seismographs jumping even in our native jungles, are calculatedly factual accounts of frustration, from which allegory flowers in a curious atmosphere of terror and fancy, part Poe and part Carroll. Some find his symbolism crystal-clear; others, and I am one of them, extremely obscure, but between the two camps there is at least common ground: Kafka's intention of showing the helplessness of modern man caught up in the inscrutable working of destiny.

The hero of *The Trial* is a respectable bank-manager suddenly accused by judges he cannot meet of a crime which nobody will specify, dragged through a nightmare of humiliation and confusion, and finally executed by two gentlemen in top hats while still unaware of the charge against him. In the book, even if its symbolism worries one, there is undoubted metaphysical power in the writing; on the stage the literary devices fail, and we are left with the kind of kaleidoscopic play that stirred the wilder art theatres to frenzy thirty years ago. ANDRE GIDE and JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT, who should know how to do it, have adapted the story, JACQUELINE and FRANK SUNDSTROM have translated, and the latter, who plays the hero with much quiet sincerity and intelligence, has produced.

[*The Trial*

Accusation
Joseph K.—MR. FRANK SUNDSTROM

But although now and then, as in the scene in the advocate's bedroom when the Clerk of the mysterious Court is discovered sitting in the dark, KAFKA's elusive climate is captured, it is a production that loses itself in over-complication. Flimsy multiple sets are constantly being changed, crowds scurry about and the mystic and the actual are awkwardly muddled on the borders of absurdity. One is not moved at all by the predicament of the hero, nor does the idea of a Higher Justice, too far removed for man's comprehension, really come out of all the feverish activity. It is an honest attempt at what is probably impossible. There are several good performances, notably by Mr. ALLAN JEAYES, as the *Advocate*, Mr. MARTIN MILLER, *Block*, Miss JACQUELINE SUNDSTROM, *Leni*, Miss MARY HORN, the *Laundress*, and Mr. NOEL WILLMAN, the *Priest*, but most of the acting can only be in the nature of a charade.

[*The Man with the Umbrella*

Machination
Aldo Sweet—MR. CHARLES GOLDNER

The Man with the Umbrella, by LOUIS DUCREUX and translated by ROMA JUNE, also takes us back to the experimental 'twenties, when plays were popular which had a dominant character who was in the confidence of the audience and appeared to mould the action as he went along. In this case a man possessed of unexplained omniscience works out a Freudian kink by shaping the life of an unhappy girl, steering her into a cynical marriage that develops tragically. As in *The Trial*, illusion is lost. The people of the play are always actors pursuing unreality through an uncertain country, and therefore nothing that happens to them can matter. At the same time there is much to admire in Mr. CHARLES GOLDNER's adroit handling of the ringmaster, whose expeditions downstage to consult with us in private are models of tact and charm. It is not their fault that Miss SHEILA BURRELL and Mr. RONALD SIMPSON seem rather flat. Mr. PHILIP DALE, better placed, is more effective. The production is by Mr. JOHN COUNSELL.

Recommended

At the Globe *Ring Round the Moon*, Christopher Fry's adaptation of Anouilh, remains the most exciting production in London. *The Heiress* with its new team provides interesting comparisons, and *The Beaux' Stratagem* at the Lyric continues a period delight.

ERIC KEOWN

"There's nothing seriously wrong with your husband, my ladye—just keep him in bed for a few weeks, and then pack him off for a short crusade."

CAMERA OBSCURA

A TREE I knew
once, spread all its branches,
its twigs, leaves, air-drinking, sun-worshipping, light-
played-upon, playing-in-light self
between
my eye's pin-prick pupil
and the screen
of the camera obscura within my skull:
and on that screen for one instant I saw the full
tree—
printed, clear, held
magically still.

In that instant I beheld
bathed in light, absolute, free
in itself, of itself, the being, soul, spirit of the tree.
The tree was still. The tree was alive.
I counted seconds—
three . . . four . . . five . . .
and held it, so. Held, saw it full
in the camera obscura in my skull.
Then a bird
in the branches, part of the branches, of the twigs, of
the leaves stirred
and broke the pattern
and sang: "Reality
is, and is not the camera obscura,
is, and is not the sunlight,
is not, and is the tree;
but is, but is, but is all these,
and you,
and I,
and the tree."

R. C. SCRIVEN

TWENTY YEARS ON

I AM writing this on behalf of Old Girls, or rather of Old Girls who have qualified, they are not always sure how, to receive a copy of their school magazine three times a year. I think it is three times, and at regular termly intervals, but no school magazine ever came as anything but a surprise, if that is not too violent a word for an Old Girl's reaction to picking up the buff envelope from the mat, seeing that her geography mistress has written to her, and realizing why.

Old Girls, however bad their Commemoration attendance record, adore reading their school magazine. They settle back into their breakfasts with an air of foolhardy enjoyment, and with almost trembling fingers they scuffle through the pages to the bit near the end called News of Old Girls. This is subdivided into houses and alphabets, and it does not take an Old Girl very long to find where her own name should be.

It is a horrid shock when an Old Girl finds that, once again, They have not seen fit to give her a line of publicity. The sense of failure with which she re-reads this gap in the alphabet is like not passing an examination, or not having your book reviewed this week, or finding that the wedding you went to is not in *The Times*. The names each side of where you should be sort of hit you. It is little consolation for the Old Girl to reflect that Old Girls who do get into print have written the thing themselves, in the form of a cheery if egotistical letter. What she was expecting was this:

"A.B. writes: '*I had tea with X.Y; she has a charming little house in St. John's Wood, furnished in exquisite taste and with the loveliest colour-scheme (she and her husband did all the painting and he blew the old paint off with a blow-lamp lent by an earl's nephew) and three of the most beautiful children I have ever seen who are not only beautiful but absolute geniuses. X herself, who is of course . . .*'"

That the Old Girl has not seen A.B. for two years does not matter. The stuff is as good as in print, and she is now free to enter into the lives of the other Old Girls and marvel that they should have fooled the world into thinking they are grown up.

Next after this section, Old Girls who have not through some obsessive kink got bogged down in the Bursary Fund Accounts turn to the front half of the magazine. This deals with the generation now chunnering round the cloakroom noticeboard, banging the swing-doors, marking out Court I with a little wheel on a handle and acting *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.

It is easy to imagine, though difficult to believe, that the school is still there, or perhaps I can define the feeling more exactly by saying that an Old Girl thinks the present inmates should realize they are the future. Look at the photograph; no one over ten years old or four feet high. And anyway they never *had* photographs in an Old Girl's day. Nor did they design and weave the Indian brave's dress-length reproduced on the other side. "Spoilt!" thinks the Old Girl triumphantly, coming down on a notice reminding parents that white drill shorts can now be bought at a draper's, of which she suddenly recalls the curly lettering on the sun-blind, "Spoilt! That's what they are! *We* buttoned our collars on!"

The Old Girl who considers herself literary now turns to the poems, noting the slip-ups in the ones that scan, and the promise of Form II; and proceeds to a holiday article, all in dialogue with the paragraphs done right, by a member of the Upper VI. The Old Girl reads this with an expression which means, "When you want to say said *say* said."

If I have made the Old Girls out as a carping body of readers I am about to even things up; for when they reach the sporting section they become positively eager. Not to know who has won what—though of course it is nice, if a little late in the day, to see that your own house holds the Lacrosse Shield—but to work out statistically and objectively who is the reigning sportswoman—even a four-foot world has its giants—and who got not only her Colours (an inch of blue tape canonizing the winner) but eight credits and Distinction in History, and who is a tower of strength if she watches her footwork and is probably the sister of the girl who had them rolling in the gangways with her performance as Lancelot Gobbo.

I have rather wandered from the sporting section. So have the Old Girls, who are darting hither and thither in their efforts to integrate L. Smith's career. But when they reach the School List they will drop L. Smith in the pursuit of an even more fascinating piece of information: the present-day order of prevalence for Christian names. It is a proud Old Girl who comes out of this list with a new assurance that she has done right by her daughter.

Old Girls would like me to say that the End of Term mafficking gets through the print into the very soul, and that behind a violin-player's *Proxime Accessit* lies a whole panorama crowned by that final wonderfully early breakfast, with everything packed but the check sponge-bag.

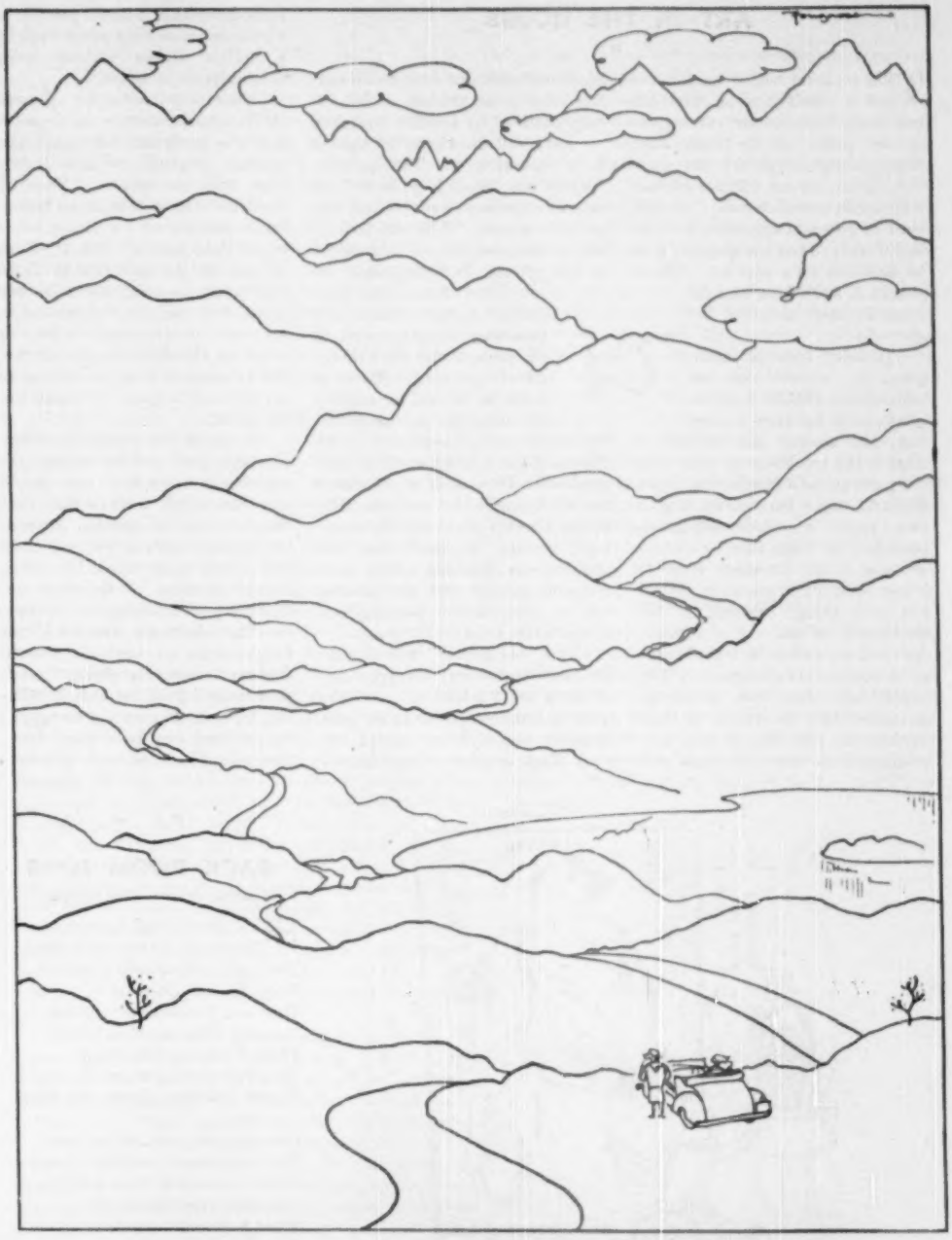
ANDE

HOURS OF BUSINESS

After spending eighteen hours in a tour of the Lake District a party of American journalists on a ten-day visit to Britain were refused admission to Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere because it was one hour after closing time.

THEY roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell
That were *his* solace night and day;
Then to his cottage made their way
At eventide, and rang the bell.

In vain; the time was half-past five;
The cottage closed at half-past four—
And one hour after closing time
Was one hour after closing time,
And it was nothing more.



"I wish we could find someone to ask if it's all right to park here."

ART IN THE HOUSE

II

THE art-lover with a small house and a small income, who has previously been content to hang one or two prints on the wall, may, likely enough, approach the question of buying an original picture with doubt and even awe. The frail bark of personal appreciation (ballasted with all too few guineas) is to be launched on a vast sea. Where should it start from and in what direction should it be steered?

To bring some precision into the answer let us assume that this art lover is progressing by easy stages from the simple and obvious to what is less so. Stage one has been the purchase of a mechanical reproduction; stage two, of an artist's own print, a colour lithograph perhaps. At stage three, to which we now come, drawings seem to follow naturally in sequence. Why? For one thing, drawing is the foundation of art. For another, drawings are not so far out of reach as to make this discussion wildly unpractical. They can, moreover, be surprisingly decorative in their effect on the wall, though they may be limited to tones of sepia and black-and-white or even to an outline (like those animals so beautifully outlined by Gaudier-Brzeska).

Very well, drawings: but the sea is as vast as ever. The question may follow, "Shall I 'go in for' old or contemporary work?" and the possible answer, "Why not both?" may prove more helpful than might at first appear. It distinguishes the art lover from the "collector," though without any necessary disparagement to the person who likes things all of one kind. There is much to be said for making an anthology as one would choose poems, independently of the time and place in which they were produced. One touch of art makes the whole world kin: and especially is the kinship noticeable in drawings, because in their free and spontaneous character artists have common ground and the present will so often find a pleasing and sympathetic echo in the past.

Now "old master" drawings are not extreme rareties. Though many of them are "School of . . ." the work of unknowns who in the past imitated the style or copied the work of one or other of their famous contemporaries, it is still possible to obtain an interesting minor work by a known master without being ruinously extravagant.

There is Guercino, for example, the Bolognese master, whose drawings were much prized in eighteenth-century England: or Rowlandson (you will not get a "Vauxhall Gardens" but at least some typical small product of his hand) or, a recent "old master," Sickert. Even in one of the galleries in Bond Street or its neighbourhood one should find them for the price of an overcoat—or a portable radio. It is not for the writer to say whether this is much or little in relation to the art lover's purse; he states but the facts.

So far as living artists are concerned, there are of course the exhibitions to explore, and also, if you can catch your artist, that singular mine of graphic interest, the portfolio—where you will often find much more than the artist himself is aware of, drawings unfinished yet satisfying to the eye, excellent drawings discarded and forgotten for no particular reason. One must leave the phrase "catch your artist" in all its Mrs. Beeton-like brevity. It may not be easy—but the first step is to learn something about his work in the galleries.

W. GAUNT

BACK ROOM JOYS

Settling Other People's Quarrels

SETTLING other people's quarrels
Brings the loftiest of laurels,
And—for it is doubly blest—
Very Human Interest.
How our cabined ego thrives
Steering other people's lives
Free of any consequences;
Showing smoothly where the sense is,
Where the bias, where the smallness—
Our forgivingness, our tallness
Touching sweetly-saintlike heights;
Lastly, crowning these delights,
Gratitude and admiration!
What a pleasant combination—
Altruism, high esteem
And side-lights on *la vie intime!*

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

BOOKING OFFICE

Distinctive Voices

A GROUP of new novels prompts the reflection that there seems to be no test of what makes a novel satisfying. These three have nothing in common in theme or style or ambition. They just are successful. Sometimes one wonders whether the term "novel" is not really as vague as the term "poem." Most attempts to draw up canons of fiction, to isolate the active principle of the novel, end by taking a small group of novels as the standard and condemning all fiction which does not resemble them. You begin by quite rightly praising Flaubert and end by quite wrongly excluding Cervantes, Sterne, Petronius and Dickens. Indeed, if you are very intelligent and exclusive and young you whittle down your idols to a single novel and then find weaknesses in that.

Good novelists believe in their story, and their vision of life is individual; you cannot have a school of good novelists. They dominate their material and respect it. They produce in the reader not merely suspension of disbelief but intense activity of mind and feeling. No generalization about them is true.

Mr. William Cooper's *Scenes from Provincial Life* has a tough waywardness, a determination to go its own way which immediately gains the reader's sympathy. It is quite unlike anything else, and its eccentric author is free from the usual trouble of first novelists, the fear of coming croppers. It is set in 1939 and concerns the ineffectual love affairs of seamy characters in a rather dull Midland town. Mr. Cooper makes this apparently uninteresting subject-matter entertaining and stimulating. In the foreground is a comedy with some of the artificiality of Congreve but neater construction. In the background are social, political and psychological repercussions, and the reader's attention is engaged at many levels. Some reviewers have found Mr. Cooper's unwinking acceptance of unpleasantness distasteful and have convicted him of an ostentatious sophistication. My own impression is that he is too interested in human nature to judge or to pose. He is obviously a writer who combines originality of experience with a talent for the romancer's traditional skills. He has the right virtues and the right faults for a beginner of promise, and his tenth book should be wonderful.

Mr. Harold Acton's *Prince Isidore* is of course more mature and polished, though less original. This well-mannered tale of the early-nineteenth-century Neapolitan grandee who possesses the Evil Eye and a benevolent disposition is expertly confected, and skilfully avoids the self-conscious urbanity which is the bane of this kind of pastiche. The glittering surface of Italian high life is painted with discreet zest, and the amiable hero's tribulations arouse a pensive sadness in the reader without doing anything so vulgar as wringing his withers. The invention of grotesque and sentimental incident is unflagging. The conte does not of course contain anything so obtrusive as a moral, though few readers will resist the temptation to draw one of their own.

Mr. Chapman Mortimer's *A Stranger on the Stair* is much more serious, a grimmer comedy that some readers will consider a tragedy. It is a long-short story which shows almost excessive discipline and attention to strict form. It is influenced a good deal by the French film and a little by "Citizen Kane." Everything is visualized—the French slum, the apaches, the man who makes his home among them, his bitter friend, the gamine who prowls the roofs, her lover's fatal fall. We see the central figure first through the eyes of the disapproving brother who has reluctantly come to investigate his fate, and then of the friend who has seen himself as the stage-manager of disaster. His relations with the slum boy he patronizes, the girl he takes from him and the hostile neighbours are subtly and impressively developed. The rising psychological tension is larger than the events that embody it.

It is unlikely that these three authors would appreciate one another's virtues. The reader, unless he has the misfortune to be hagridden by a theory of The Novel, can appreciate them all.

R. G. G. PRICE

Seven Seas Battle

Captain Creswell's masterly account of *Sea Warfare 1939–1945* covers the whole vast field of naval operations during that period on, over and under the salt-water surfaces of the globe. It was, as he points out, a period during which naval strategy and tactics were in a perpetual state of flux and change, owing to the continual developments of previously-known methods of attack and defence, among them the growing danger

"Ouch! Couldn't you dot the i's afterwards."

from the air and the greater effectiveness of torpedo attacks on heavily-armoured battleships, and the continual introduction of new weapons and inventions. Of these Captain Creswell looks upon Radar as the outstanding discovery of the war; among its other effects it gives to the big ship—so often doomed to extinction by the prophets—a greatly increased scope and mobility, especially during the hours of darkness. The naval historian of the future will in all likelihood seldom close his account of an important engagement at sea with those poignant words "Night fell, and brought the battle to a close." C. F. S.

Thin Ice

Why, one wonders, does the clash of sacred and profane love constitute for Miss Dorothy Mackinder's publisher "a Catholic theme"? The flesh and the spirit have their repercussions even among Dissenters; and the tenderness of Mrs. Tony Weller for the Reverend Stiggins is basically not unlike the penchant of Gabrielle Pastonier for the Abbé Rosier in the far from light-hearted pages of *A Forest of Feathers*. A prodigal who finds a surly brother and a second banquet of husks awaiting her return, Gabrielle falls back on Lacoeur after ten unsatisfactory years in Paris. Her naïve egoism is intensified rather than disciplined by the qualms of a singularly unkempt conscience; and it is not surprising that her host, her neighbours, her one-time suitor and her confessor are all left at less than their best after her devastatingly tactless invasion. Only on the verge of her circle do you find spiritual integrity: a plain, four-square little piece of supernaturalism briefly but sensitively portrayed.

H. P. E.

Five Star Adventure

A quite exceptional book that should become a minor classic among adventure stories is *Kon Tiki Expedition*. It describes how the author, Mr. Thor Heyerdahl, and five other Scandinavians, crossed the Pacific from Peru to the South Seas (four thousand three hundred miles) in one hundred and one days on an exact model of an ancient Indian balsa raft, to prove the possibility of their theory that the original Polynesians could have made the same journey in similar fashion. All expert opinion was against them, and all the experts proved wrong. Good fish jumped straight into their larder. Storms were terrifying, but the raft rode mountainous seas wonderfully and much of the voyage was peaceful, through waters empty of shipping and full of inquisitive Walt Disney creatures that turned at night to submarine fireworks. It was lucky, indeed, that the members of this expedition were men able to appreciate the exquisite fantasy of their passage, and that their leader was a writer who could record its extraordinary excitements so well and modestly.

E. O. D. K.

Of Books and Men

The Lives of Authors, specifically appropriated to one of them, is as good a generic title as could have been found for the collection of George Gordon's essays which Mrs. Gordon has made. For what Gordon wrote of Walter Raleigh, whose shoes at Oxford he proved not unworthy to fill, was as true of himself. "He is principally known as a literary critic; but his study was life, and his profession was living." Not that Gordon was unconcerned with the craft of letters. He appraised and practised it with equal accomplishment. But it was always the man behind the book that he most willingly sought. He was at his happiest, therefore, when engaged with those he had known in the flesh, like Raleigh and Bridges. Yet perhaps the best of these papers is the triptych on "The Youth of Milton," in which, largely from a study of the poet's Latin writings, he has evoked a figure of unfamiliar but convincing radiance. F. B.

Books Reviewed Above

Scenes from Provincial Life. William Cooper. (Jonathan Cape, 9/6)

Prince Isidore. Harold Acton. (Methuen, 10/6)

A Stranger on the Stair. Chapman Mortimer. (Rupert Hart-Davis, 8/6)

Sea Warfare 1939–1945. Captain John Creswell, R.N. (Longmans, 25/-)

A Forest of Feathers. Dorothy Mackinder. (Macdonald, 8/6).

Kon Tiki Expedition. Thor Heyerdahl. (Allen and Unwin, 12/6)

The Lives of Authors. George Gordon. (Chatto and Windus, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

The Hollow of the Wave. Edward Newhouse. (Reinhardt and Evans, 8/6) Love, separation, promiscuity among smart New Yorkers during the war; told mostly in crisp, witty dialogue, and very readable.

Comic Drawing. W. A. Sillince. (Pitman, 10/6) Random thoughts on drawing for the Press by an experienced black-and-white artist, with useful hints on the technical and commercial aspects of the craft. Many illustrations, Daumier to Peter Arno.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"OH, yes," said Albert Dawlish, our Theatre Royal's stage-door keeper for fifty years, peering at our Special Correspondent from his playbill-plastered cubby-hole, "it's been right interesting."

"I'll bet you wouldn't change your job with anyone?"

"That's what you think," our Special Correspondent understood the old man to mutter.

Our Special Correspondent licked his pencil.

"I suppose," he said, "you have many romantic memories?"

"Oh, yes," said the gnarled custodian of this historic Shrine of the Drama, and our Special Correspondent thought the grey eyes twinkled momentarily, "many."

"No doubt a host of famous artists have passed through this very door—the Portal of Fame or Savage Despair: who knows?—pausing to say a gracious word to your unobtrusive figure sitting quietly in the shadows?"

"Oh, aye." The silver head nodded. "Stacks of 'em."

"And some, perhaps, have faded into comparative obscurity, while others—once shy beginners, asking you almost timidly if there were any letters—have blossomed into head-line figures, household words in a million homes?"

"Right enough," the old man answered, unwrapping a package of sandwiches and groping behind a volume of "Spotlight" for his Thermos, "I've seen 'em come and go."

"Ah," said our Special Correspondent, "the thrills and the triumphs, the heartaches and the disappointments that must have reached you in this dusty little office from the fragrant dressing-rooms above, echoing with the voices of Ambition, and Jealousy, and Temperament over the years!"

"Not 'alf," said the guardian of this romantic door, pouring out his cocoa with a hand quite steady for all its seventy-four summers, "some proper carry-ons, now and again."

"I dare say this very stage-door has been the scene of countless thrilling moments, when eager fans have thronged for a glimpse of some well-loved star, as he made his way with difficulty to a shining limousine?"

"Any amount," said Albert, wiping a crumb from his moustache. "Nowt better to do, some of 'em."

"Tell me now," said our Special Correspondent, "what is your most exciting memory, culled from a half-century of rubbing shoulders with the great ones of this most glamorous profession?"

"Well," said the old man, "one time me and Irving collared a rat under stage there."

"That must be a treasured memory indeed," said our Special Correspondent.

"Right big 'un it were, an' all," said Mr. Dawlish, shaking his wise old head reminiscently. "Favoured a big cat more than a rat, and proper nasty with it."

"It must have been," said our Special Correspondent. "No doubt Mr. Irving was here with *The Bells* at the time?"

"Bells?" said Albert, reaching again for his Thermos. "Not 'im. Not Charlie. 'E's the boiler-man. 'Ave a cup of cocoa. This is a draughty 'ole."

"I'd quite forgotten we'd ordered a new car!"

Fagin to be Nationalized

"The boy was committed to an approved school for stealing."
"Daily Telegraph"

THE MAN AND THE DIRECTOR

THE telephone refused to be denied. "The *director* wants to see you!" The man's hand holding it dropped to the desk. The expression on his face was the expression of someone about to drown.

"Hullo," the director greeted him. "How are you?"

The man made no bones about it. "Terrified."

The director murmured noises of deprecation and fluttered through the papers on his table. The man tried to read what was on them, upside down. The director protected them, with a wall made out of his hand. The man abandoned his efforts, and relaxed in his chair with ostentation.

The director considered him. "It's a personal matter I wanted to see you about."

The man muttered desperately to himself. "My goodness."

The director withdrew from the advanced position reached and made another approach to it, this time with proper tortuousness. "Let me see," he meditated. "How long have you been with us now?" He made rapid mental calculations in the papers, and credited himself with the answer. "Twenty-five years."

The man seemed immersed in more complicated calculations, possibly related to the amount of his pension, assuming that his services were on the point of being dispensed with. He ventured to correct the director's vital statistic. "Twenty-six."

The director retired into the papers again, mistrustful. Then he brightened. "My arithmetic," he acknowledged.

The man refrained from speaking. Comment did not appear to be called for.

The director picked the papers up bodily and put them down again out of the way. With the appearance of dusting his hands of them he turned his attention to the man. "Tell me," he asked him. "What do you do in your spare time?"

The man looked embarrassed. He said "I make hand-knotted rugs."

The director seemed to be taken aback. "Did you say 'knitted'?" he asked.

"No. Knotted."

The director seemed to want to get the situation clear. "You mean with those lengths of canvas, and a needle?"

The man admitted it. "Yes. Not with a needle, though. A sort of hook."

The director tried to save something from the wreck. "You make up your own patterns, I suppose?" he urged.

The man confessed, "No. I buy the canvas with the pattern already printed on it."

The director abandoned every hope. "Oh, well," he philosophized. "Good thing to work with your hands, whatever you do."

The man evinced gratitude for the concession. "Yes."

"I knew a chap once who used to build walls."

The man said "Name of Churchill."

"Eh?"

The man reassured him. "It doesn't matter."

The director seemed to come to a conclusion. He cleared his throat abruptly and laid his cards out on the table. "We're considering you for another job," he said.

The man pricked his ears up.

"But I can't tell you anything about it yet."

The man laid his ears back flat again to the sides of his head.

"It may not come to anything."

The man looked disappointed.

"But then, again, it's a possible opportunity." The director stood up and brought the interview to an end. "I'll see you again to-morrow, anyway. I may be able to tell you more by then."

The man moved away out of the region of the exchanges, feeling tentatively for the handle of the door behind his back. "Thank you," he murmured, and got the door open, then stood outside looking at it. He seemed to be uncertain, but mixed with the uncertainty was relief.

The noises which were coming from the telephone when he got back to it, lying on its side where he had left it, expressed impotent anger.

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Reg'd as the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-Class Mail Matter at the New York N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 3d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 80/-. Overseas 86/6 (U.S.A.: $5.25) Canada 34/- or $8.50.

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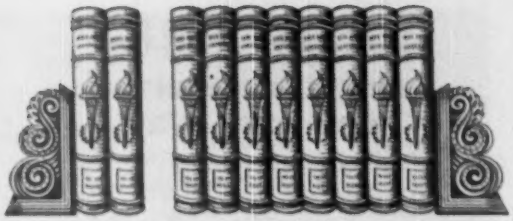

The missing volume

ONE of the most important volumes in the Social History of England has — so far as our knowledge goes — yet to be written. It will deal with the Twentieth Century Housewife and the way her life has been transformed by the introduction of scientific labour-saving devices. Naturally enough, this is a subject of the greatest interest to Hoover Limited, since it is difficult to believe that in this Twentieth Century any two mechanical appliances have done more to ease the lot of the housewife than the Hoover Cleaner and the Hoover Electric Washing Machine. Nor should it be forgotten that Hoover F.H.P. Motors are used in many other domestic appliances.

It seems fair, therefore, to assume that if the missing volume ever comes to be written, a special chapter will be devoted to the activities of Hoover Limited.

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THEY'RE BREAKING NEW RECORDS IN NEW ZEALAND TOO!

There's plenty of hot water in New Zealand. Nature provides the geysers. There are Maoris and earthquakes and enormous trout in mountain streams. And then the sheep — millions and millions of sheep, barked at in vast herds by far-ranging drovers' dogs. There are nearly as many sheep in New Zealand as there are men, women and children in Great Britain. *Prime Canterbury Lamb.* What tender promise of less lean days to come! Meanwhile we're grateful for a couple of little chops on the ration now and then.

Some of us in this country are privileged to be able to do quite a bit to bring that hoped-for plenteous tomorrow a little more clearly into view.

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NEW WORDS

for

NEW TIMES

The horse-pistol is out of date. For disburdening the well-to-do the Chancellor has a tool worth two of that. SUR-TAX is the modern word. And to take away the bitter taste there's another word, SCHWEPPERVESCENCE. Schweppes quietly lends its name to the language, and for rich man, poor man, beggar man, tax collector schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through.

Four to one... in your favour

The odds are that you will find the one and only fit that is exactly yours, when you buy a pair of these famous Simpson shoes. This is because every half size of every shoe is made in up to 4 different widths! This unique service guarantees perfect "fitted comfort" for the most individual of feet. The fine shoes illustrated here are only one of the many attractive Simpson styles, willow calf, full brogue, in brown 107/3, also in black 105/6.

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Quality which gives that "feel" to a hat.

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Ask to see them, try one on, and you will join that ever growing body of discriminating men who believe that the hat **matters**,—that the hat is part of the man.

STETSON Hats

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For the good of your hair

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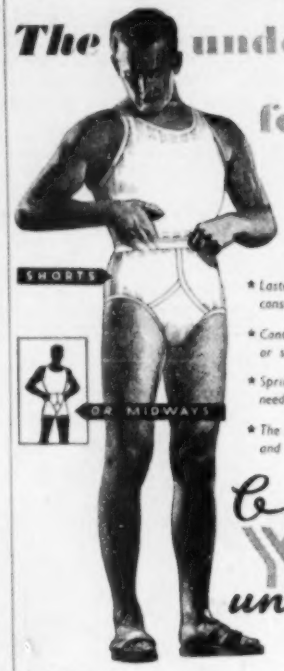

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Size 6½" × 4"

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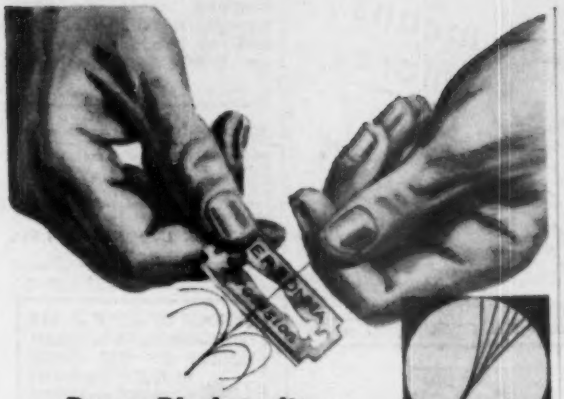
Weight	1½	3	6	10 drams
PRICE	5/6	5/9	6/3	6/9
Pur. Tax	1/3	1/3	1/5	1/6



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Razor Blade splits a human hair!

Daily factory test for PERSONNA

THINK of the thickness of a human hair—then think of a razor blade that can split it—into 7 or more different strands! Incredible? But it's a routine test for Personna Precision Blades! No wonder they're the sharpest—no wonder they give you the best shave of all.

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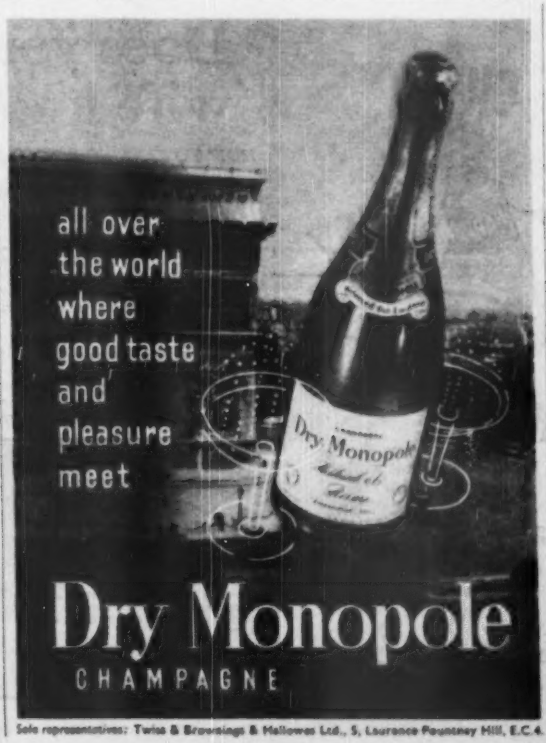

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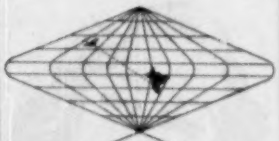

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HOW TO CHOOSE A TOOTHBRUSH?

MOSTLY it's the woman who buys the toothbrushes—but do wives know what to look for. For instance:

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What's in a name? A lot! Experience and skill lie behind the name of Wisdom. They're made by Addis Ltd., who made the first toothbrush in 1780, and who still lead the field today. They are the toothbrush *specialists*!

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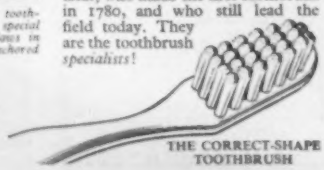

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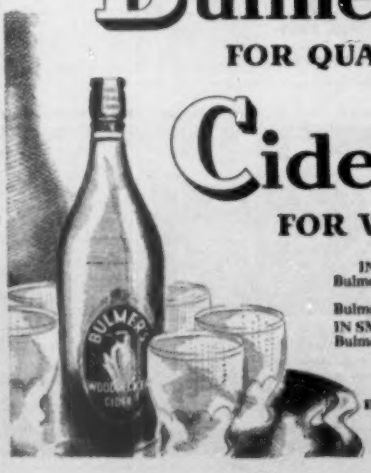

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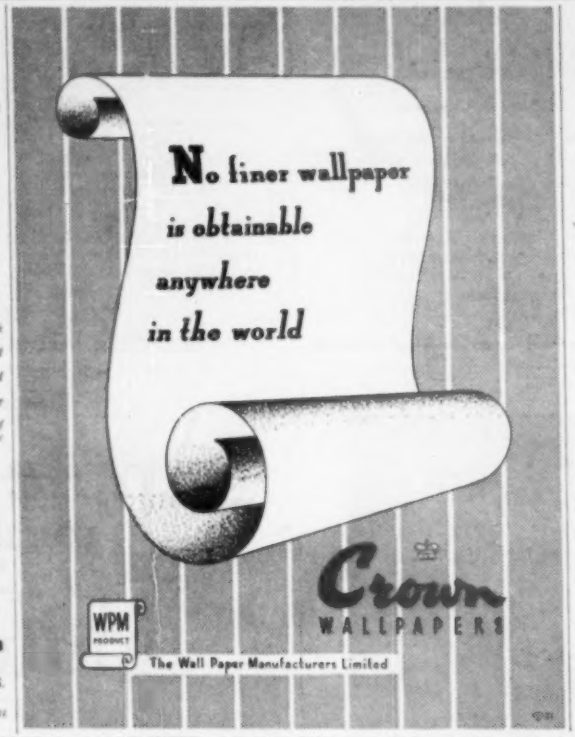

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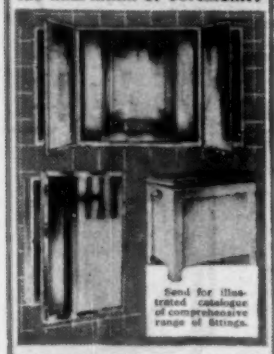

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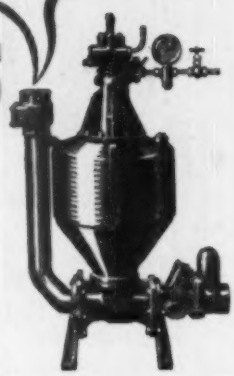

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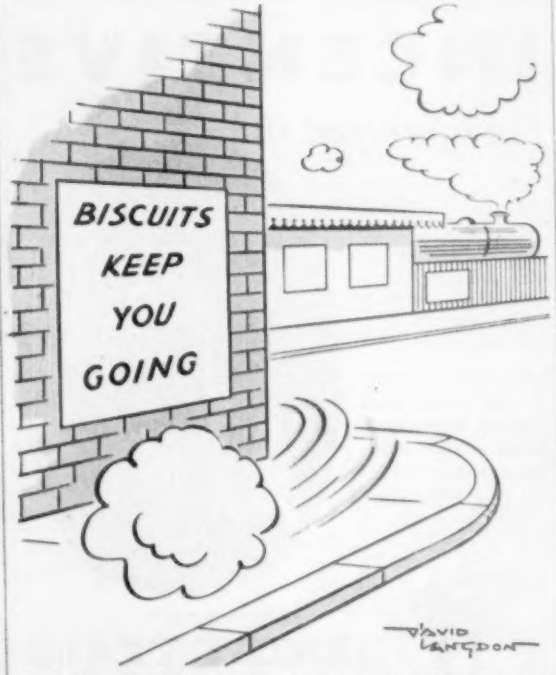

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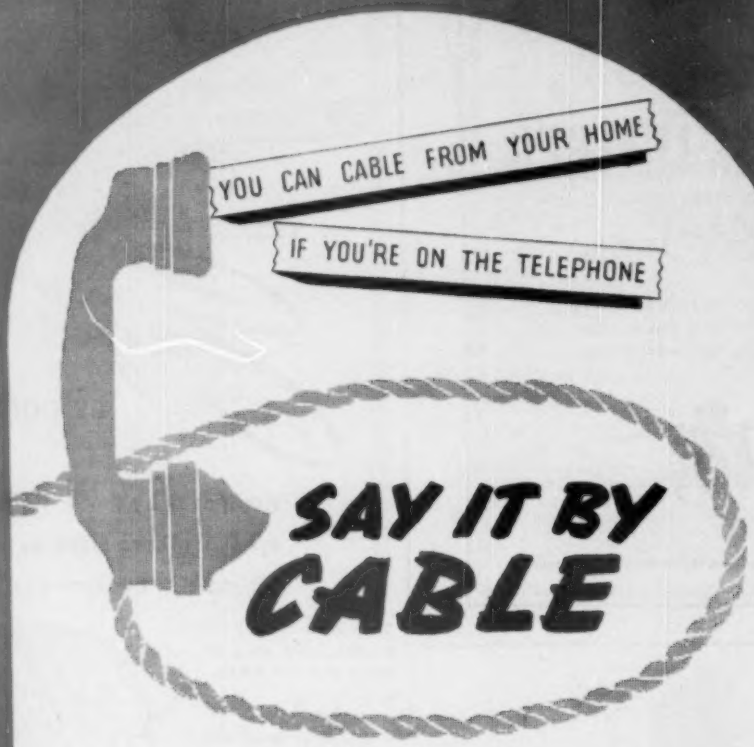

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Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-23, Phœnix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1, and published by them weekly, with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue, at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, April 19, 1950.